SWIFT
Premium
COMICS
HYA HYA HNGAA!
SWIFT COMICS
A DROOLING WORLD, IN THE CLUTCHES OF HYSTERIA!
Y5870 ★ $1.95 ★ A BANTAM BOOK

!! QUICK, WHILE YOUR OLD LADY ISN'T !!
LOOKING
!! SPRING FOR A BUCK NINETY-FIVE !!

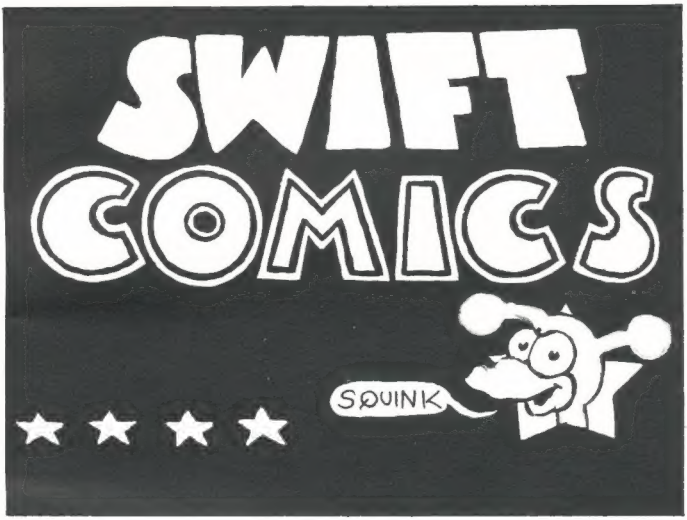
Kim Deitch's flower girl falls prey to **felonious habits!!**

Artie Spiegelman's Quentin Fester in his adventure with the **Barf-O-Mat!!**

Allan Shenker's Miracle Milton comes to grips with the arch-fiend **Dr. Nose!!**

Trina's June Mooney, head agent, on a search-and-destroy mission after the mysterious **Him!!**

BUY THIS COLLECTOR'S *(GASP!)* ITEM
NOW, BEFORE IT GETS *(UGH!)* PULPED !!



BANTAM BOOKS
TORONTO · NEW YORK · LONDON

A NATIONAL GENERAL COMPANY

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Intro

Why Deitch? Spiegelman? Trina? Shenker? Why any of them? They come out of the underground press. They bring a readership that probably would whip more copies than they would buy. They are child-men. Their collective dream is to "live on a farm with ten chicks and write comic books." Not a bad goal for anyone. But while most adults settle for a suburban plot before ending in their final one, one old lady (with as much cheating as the budget will allow) and dreary labors to support and perpetuate the entire myth—goodness gracious! these freaked-out kids are actually saying something. And it is relevant. And trenchant. And somebody better pay attention. These 2001 Disneys are surpassingly filling the need for Swiftian social satire. With their fables for our times, they are illuminating the twentieth-century trip, which may get derailed before it gets to the twenty-first.

Perhaps these artists offend the structure most searingly because they cannot easily be rejected with a modish clutch of clichés. "Porn, immaturity, drug scene, dropouts." Pick one or all. Interchangeably, with artist and label, you might be right, or wrong, on any given day. But it is too glib, too Establishment, too fear-ridden. Because with it all, or in spite of it all, or because of it all, they are speaking for now. And under some of their dirty fingernails is being spread a tableau of our times. You don't have to be high to read it, or of the milieu to dig it, or even sympathetic, to buy it.

If you read **The New York Times** or **Time Magazine,** if you watch David Brinkley or listen to Paul Harvey. If somehow, some way, you are inputting some kind of information into your head, then you have to read these works.

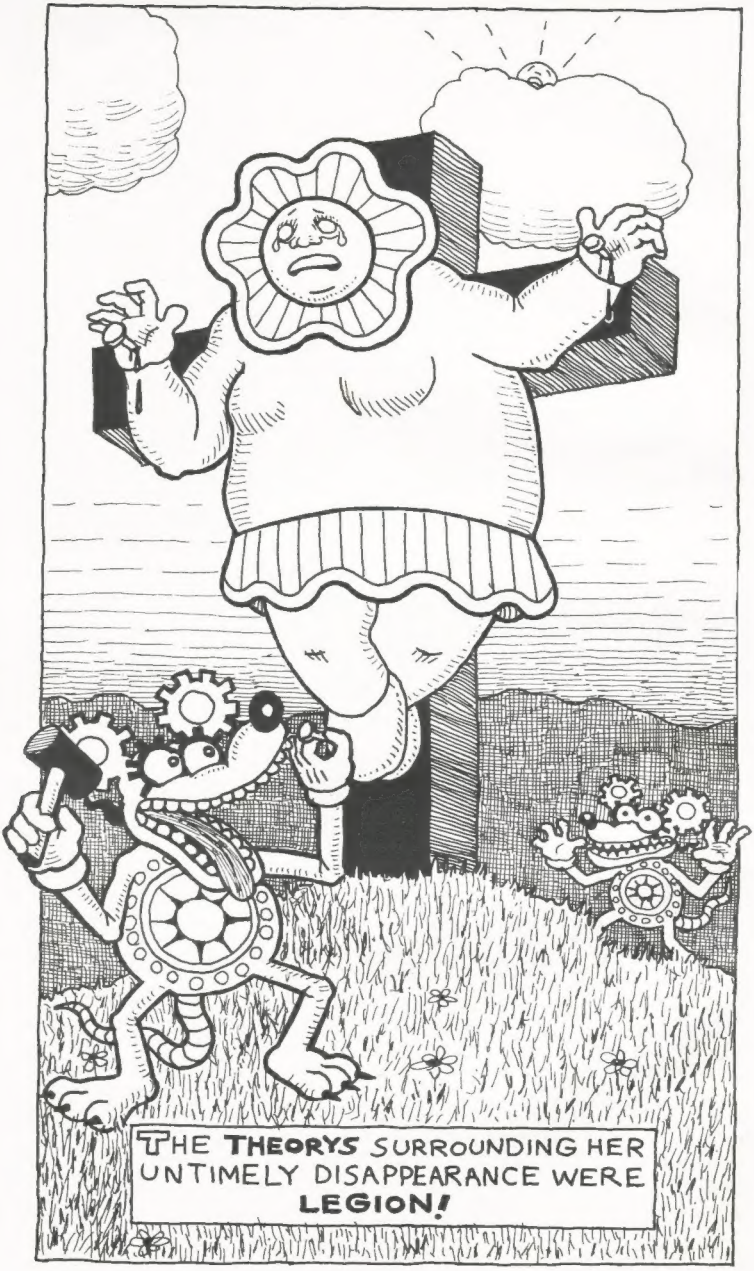
They concern themselves with the four basic questions of our time: What is going on here? How high are you, and on what? Who are you doing it to, and how? Where are you going?

Lawrence Wilson, Monte Carlo, 1970

THE SAD CASE OF THE FRUCTIFIED FLOWER KID!

BY KIM DEITCH

YES, THOSE WERE TRULY WONDERFUL DAYS./
SPLAT
THAT'S TH'STUFF!
HER EXPLOITS CAPTURED THE THOUGHTS OF TURNED ON SOULS EVERYWHERE..... THEN LIKE SO MANY ASPECTS OF THOSE QUAINT BUT NAÏVE DAYS, SHE DROPPED OUT OF SIGHT./
HEY, WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO SUNSHINE GIRL?
BEATS ME!
OBVIOUSLY SHE'S DEAD
ALL-RIGHT YOU LOUS-I-FIED PERVERTS BREAK IT UP!


THE THEORYS SURROUNDING HER UNTIMELY DISAPPEARANCE WERE LEGION!

BUT, TO GET AT THE SORDID REALITY, WE MUST BACK TRACK A BIT.....
LET'S GIVE EM A BIG HAND FOLKS!
TRUE, SHE AND HER YOUNG PAR--AMOUR, BILLY, DID HAVE AN ACT WHICH COULD ONLY BE DESCRIBED AS SHOW STOPPING,
PRESS
BUT MANY OF HER MORE HIGHLY TOUTED FEATS, WERE LITTLE MORE THAN A PRESS AGENT'S DREAM

EVEN **WORSE**, BEHIND THE SCENES, **BILLY** HAD ACQUIRED AN **UNFORTUNATE** HABIT,...

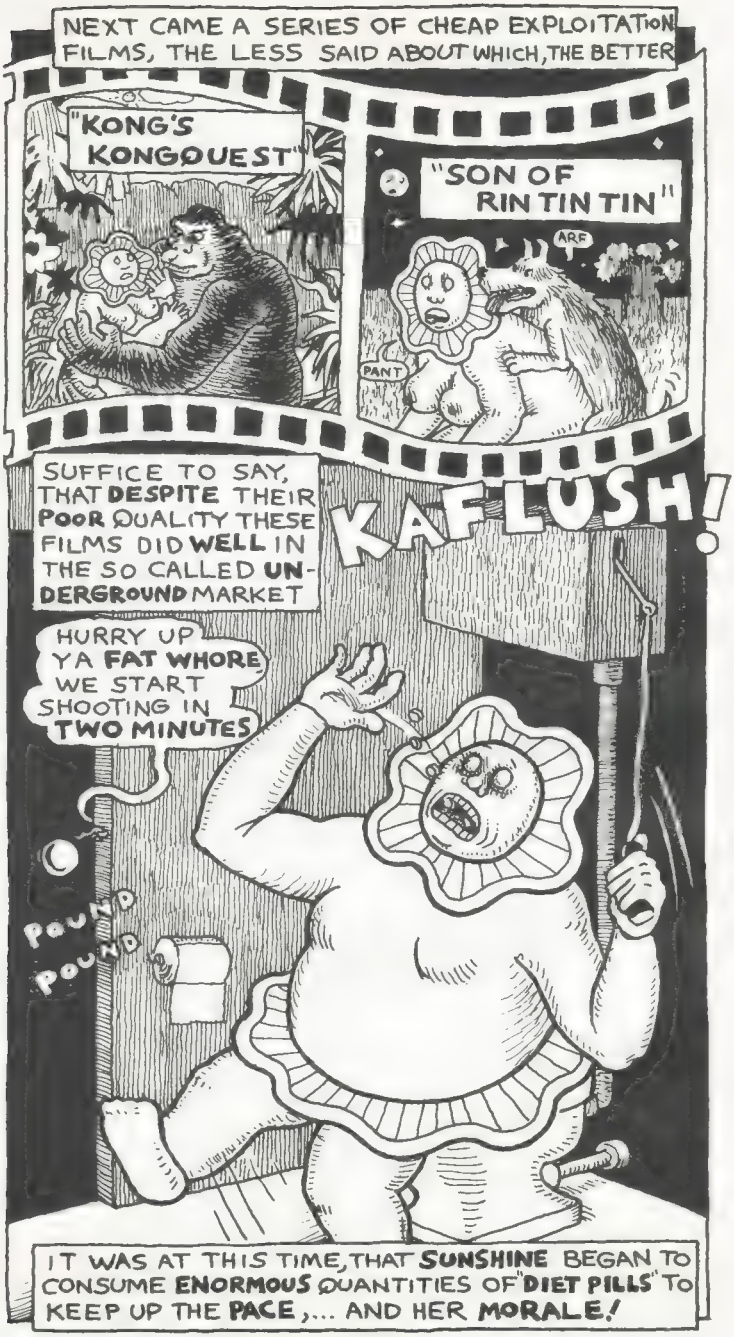
C'MON YOU TWO YER ON IN ONE MINUTE!

POUND POUND!

ALL RIGHT AREADY, **WE** GOT EARS!

WHICH **ULTIMATELY** CLAIMED HIM

THOUGH BILLY HAD CONTRIBUTED LITTLE TO THEIR ACT, WITHOUT HIS MANAGING PROWESS, SUNSHINE'S CAREER WENT FROM BAD TO WORSE!
LACKING THE ABILITY TO SPEAK, SHE WAS A DECIDED FAILURE ON THE TALK SHOW CIRCUIT
THE JOHNNY JINGO SHOW
WELL IF YOU DON'T WANT TO DISCUSS DRUGS, ASTROLOGY, OR BASEBALL, HOW ABOUT GIVING US YOUR FAVORITE RECIPE?
WUZ TV


NEXT CAME A SERIES OF CHEAP EXPLOITATION FILMS, THE LESS SAID ABOUT WHICH, THE BETTER
"KONG'S KONGQUEST"
"SON OF RIN TIN TIN"
ARF
PANT
SUFFICE TO SAY, THAT DESPITE THEIR POOR QUALITY THESE FILMS DID WELL IN THE SO CALLED UNDERGROUND MARKET
KAFLUSH!
HURRY UP YA FAT WHORE WE START SHOOTING IN TWO MINUTES
POUND
POUND
IT WAS AT THIS TIME, THAT SUNSHINE BEGAN TO CONSUME ENORMOUS QUANTITIES OF "DIET PILLS" TO KEEP UP THE PACE, ... AND HER MORALE!

WELL **SOMETHING** HAD TO GIVE, AND IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE SHE HAD DROPPED OUT OF SIGHT **COMPLETELY!**

DADDY DADDY WHO'S THAT FUNNY LADY?

SUNDAY EVO NOSTALGIA PAGE

WHERE IS SHE NOW?

SUNSHINE GIRL

IT'S A **LONG** STORY SON

BUT WHAT BECAME OF THIS **WHIZ KID** OF **YESTERYEAR?** AND **WHY?**

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD!

OUR STORY OPENS IN FRONT OF A SMALL BISTRO, SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDWEST; THE TIME,..... **NOW!**

LUCKY PIER'S

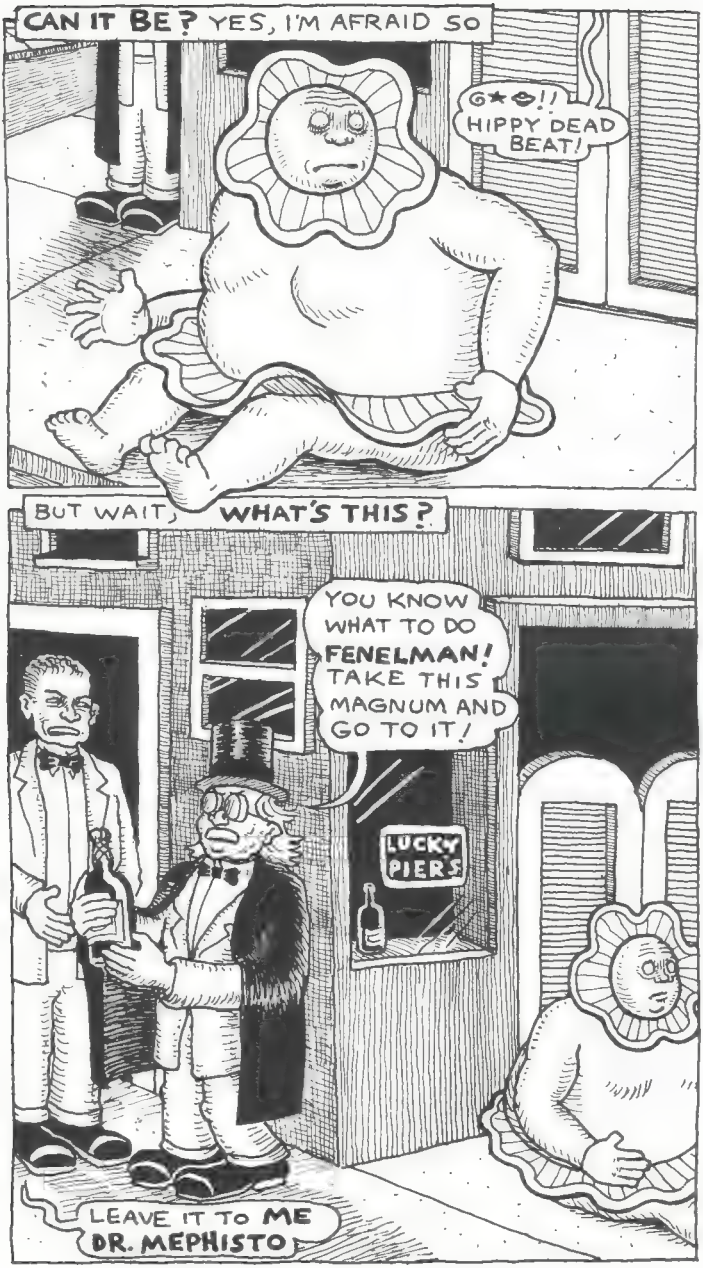
AND STAY OUT YA **DRUNKEN BLUBBERLUSH!**

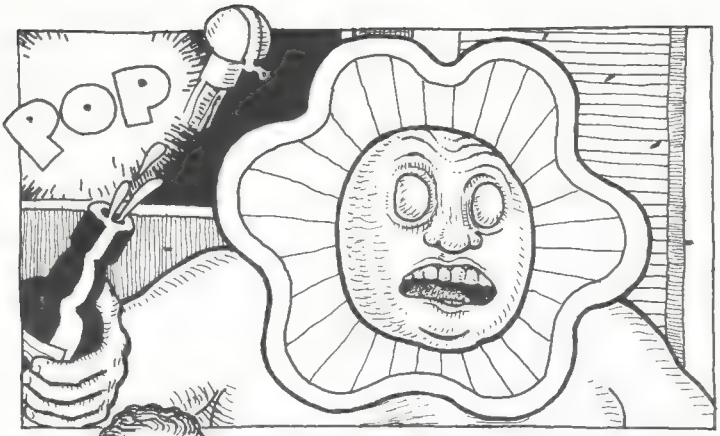
HIC

LUCKY PIER'S

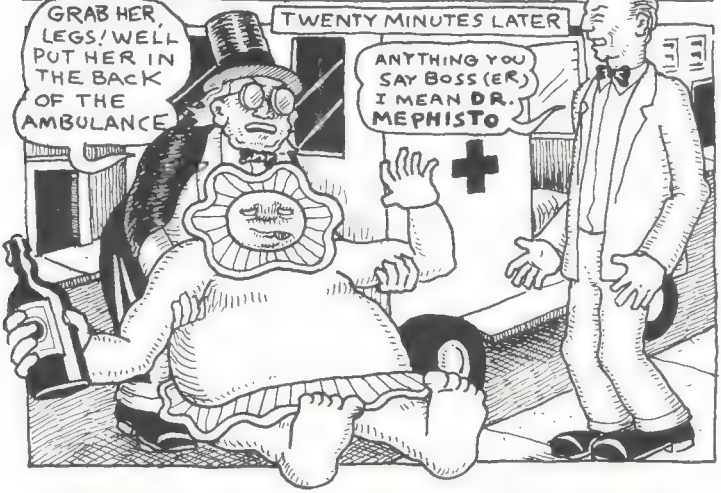
HAW HAW

BONK

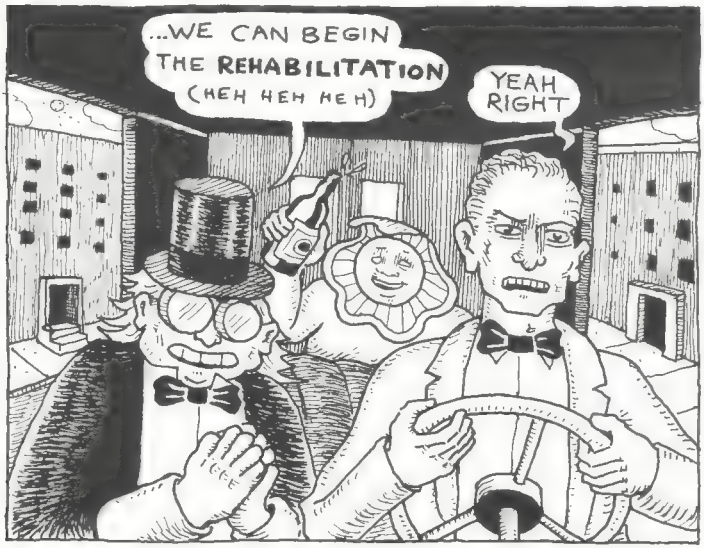

CAN IT BE? YES, I'M AFRAID SO
@★@!! HIPPY DEAD BEAT!
BUT WAIT, WHAT'S THIS?
YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO FENELMAN! TAKE THIS MAGNUM AND GO TO IT!
LUCKY PIERS
LEAVE IT TO ME DR. MEPHISTO


POP

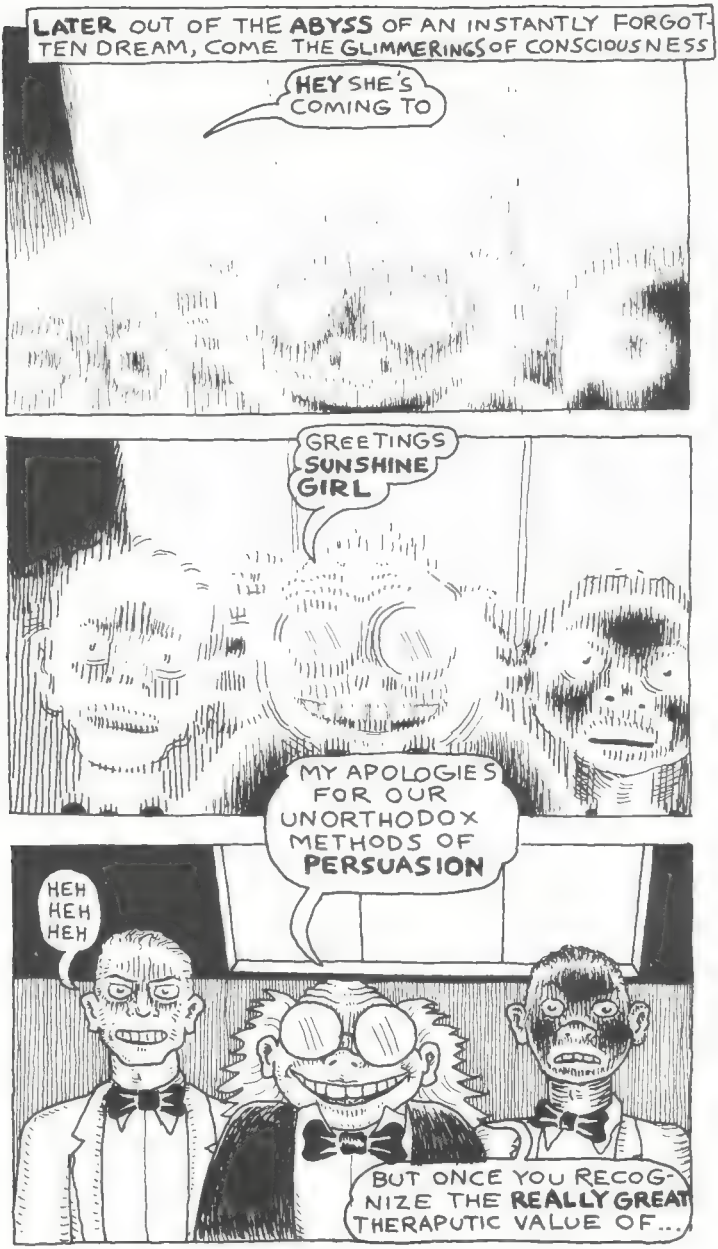
ARE YOU GONNA DRINK THIS SWILL, OR SHALL I MARINATE THE STREET WITH IT?
LUC
PIERR


TWENTY MINUTES LATER
GRAB HER LEGS! WE'LL PUT HER IN THE BACK OF THE AMBULANCE
ANYTHING YOU SAY BOSS (ER) I MEAN DR. MEPHISTO

THANK HEAVENS WE FOUND THE CHILD! NOW THAT SHE'S OUT OF HARM'S WAY,

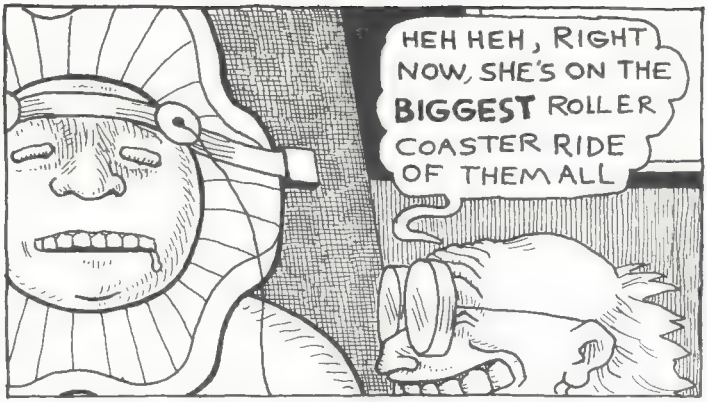

...WE CAN BEGIN THE REHABILITATION (HEH HEH HEH)
YEAH RIGHT

IT'S ALWAYS GOOD TO BE HOME
MORRO INSTITUTE OF MENTAL CORRECTION

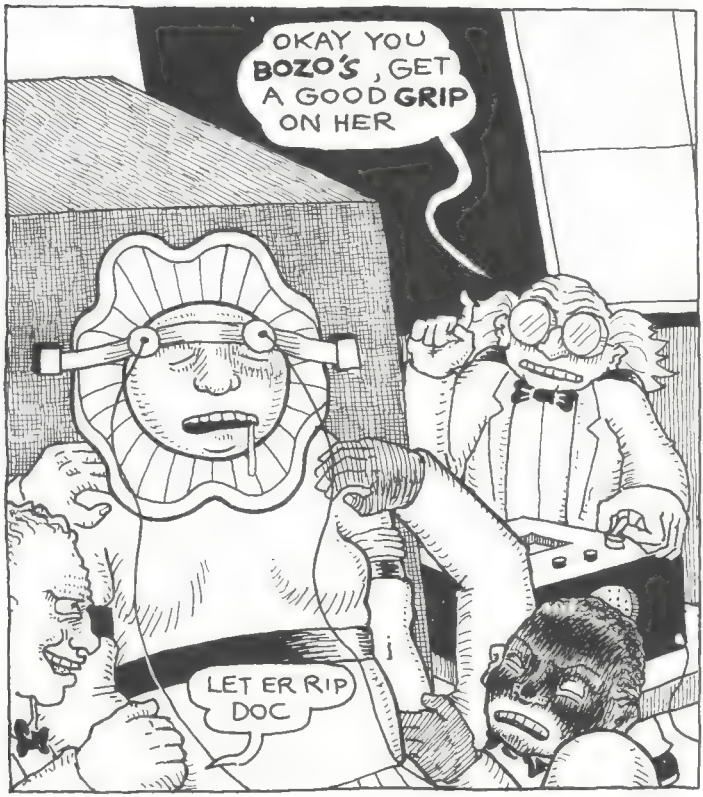

LATER OUT OF THE ABYSS OF AN INSTANTLY FORGOTTEN DREAM, COME THE GLIMMERINGS OF CONSCIOUSNESS
HEY SHE'S COMING TO
GREETINGS SUNSHINE GIRL
MY APOLOGIES FOR OUR UNORTHODOX METHODS OF PERSUASION
HEH HEH HEH
BUT ONCE YOU RECOGNIZE THE REALLY GREAT THERAPUTIC VALUE OF...

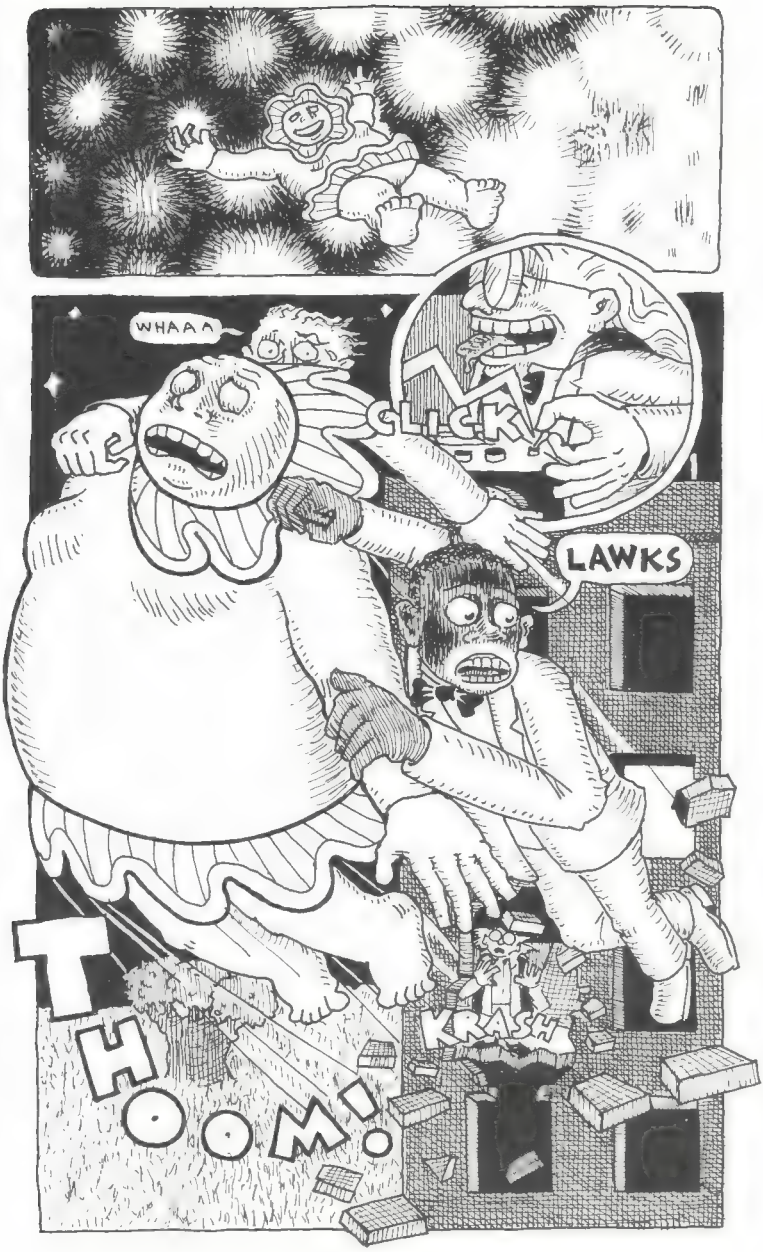
SHOCK TREATMENTS WE'LL BE ABLE TO EVENTUALLY SECURE YOUR...
HELLO CHUMPO

...FUTURE VOLUNTARY COOPERATION
PLUNGE


HEH HEH, RIGHT NOW, SHE'S ON THE BIGGEST ROLLER COASTER RIDE OF THEM ALL

AND TRUER WORDS WERE NEVER SPOKEN, FOR JUST THEN IN THE OUTER REGIONS OF BOONY-LAND.....


OKAY YOU BOZO'S, GET A GOOD GRIP ON HER
LET ER RIP DOC


WHAAA
CLICK
LAWKS
KRASH
THOOM!

OH MY GOD THIS IS AWFUL! IN SECONDS SHE WILL...

BEGIN THE CONVULSIONS
CANT LOOK

MAMA!

AND THERE'S NO TELLING WHO WILL BE NEXT. THE SITUATION IS COM....
WHY DO I GET ALL TH'NUTS
EASY THERE DR. MEPHISTO WE'LL SEND OVER A SQUAD CAR PRONTO

(SIGH) HELPING THOSE LESS FORTUNATE THAN MYSELF CERTAIN-LY CAN BE A PAIN IN THE NECK!
HOW RIGHT YOU ARE DR. MEPHISTO!

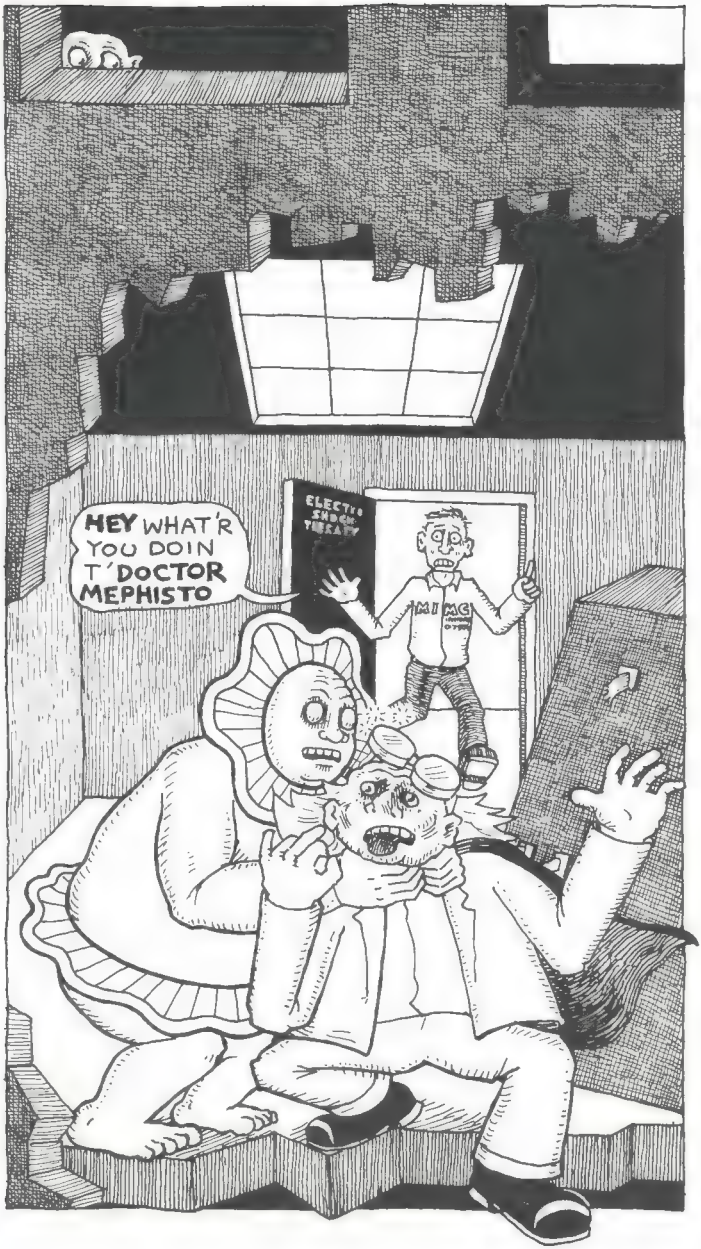
JUST OUTSIDE, **ORVILLE GILLEY**, A **MORRO CORRECTEE**, WAS PERFORMING HIS EVENING TOUR OF DUTY.....

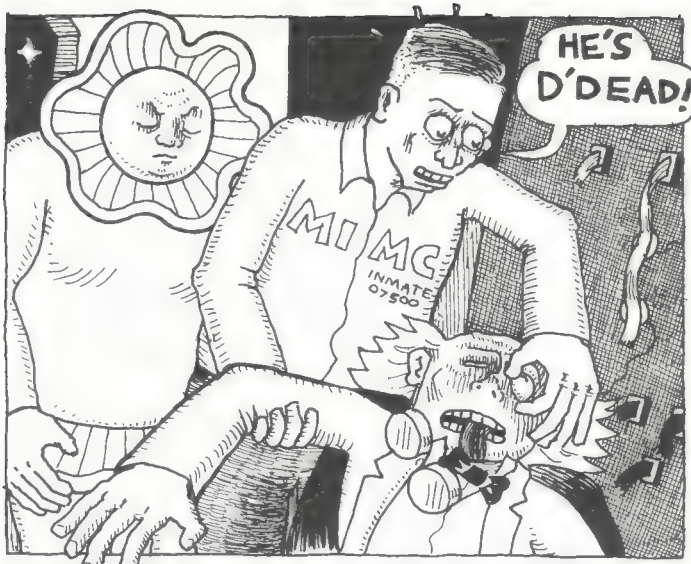
WILLIKERS, THE LIGHT'S STILL ON IN TH' **SHOCK** ROOM!

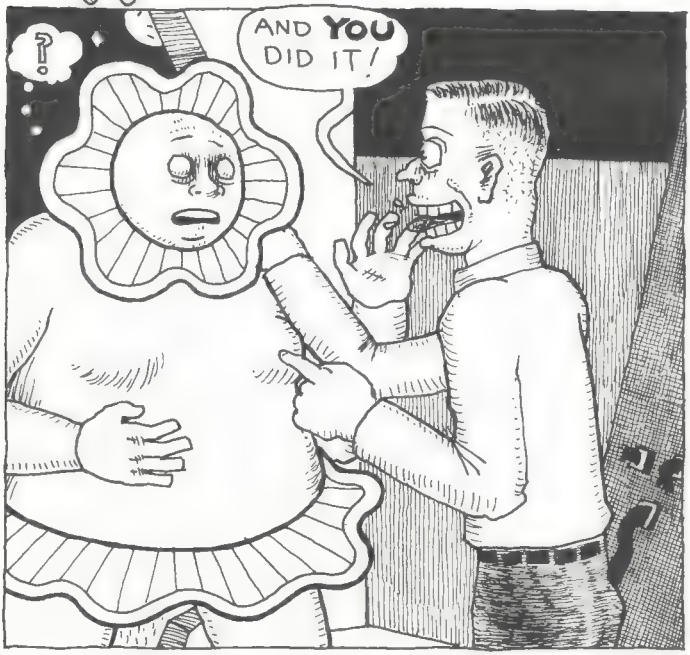
ELECTRO SHOCK THERAPY

GOSH I WONDER IF THAT MEANS I SHOULD SWEEP IN THERE OR **NOT?**

I BETTER CH... **YOW!**


HEY WHAT'R YOU DOIN T'DOCTOR MEPHISTO
ELECTRO SHOCK THERAPY


HE'S D'DEAD!
MI MC
INMATE 07500


?!
AND YOU DID IT!

JEEZIS SEEMS LIKE EVERY TIME A FULL MOON SHOWS, WE GOTTA HAUL OUR BUTTS UP HERE
I WONDER WHAT THE TROUBLE IS THIS TIME
PD

UHOH THIS LOOKS LIKE ONE FOR THE BOYS AT HOMICIDE

WELL, LET'S GO IN AND CHECK THIS NONSENSE OUT

AH, I SEE YOU HAVE FOUND THE BODIES! TRULY LAMENTABLE TSK TSK
HUH?

BUT THEN SUICIDE IS ONE OF THE HAZARDS OF THE TRADE

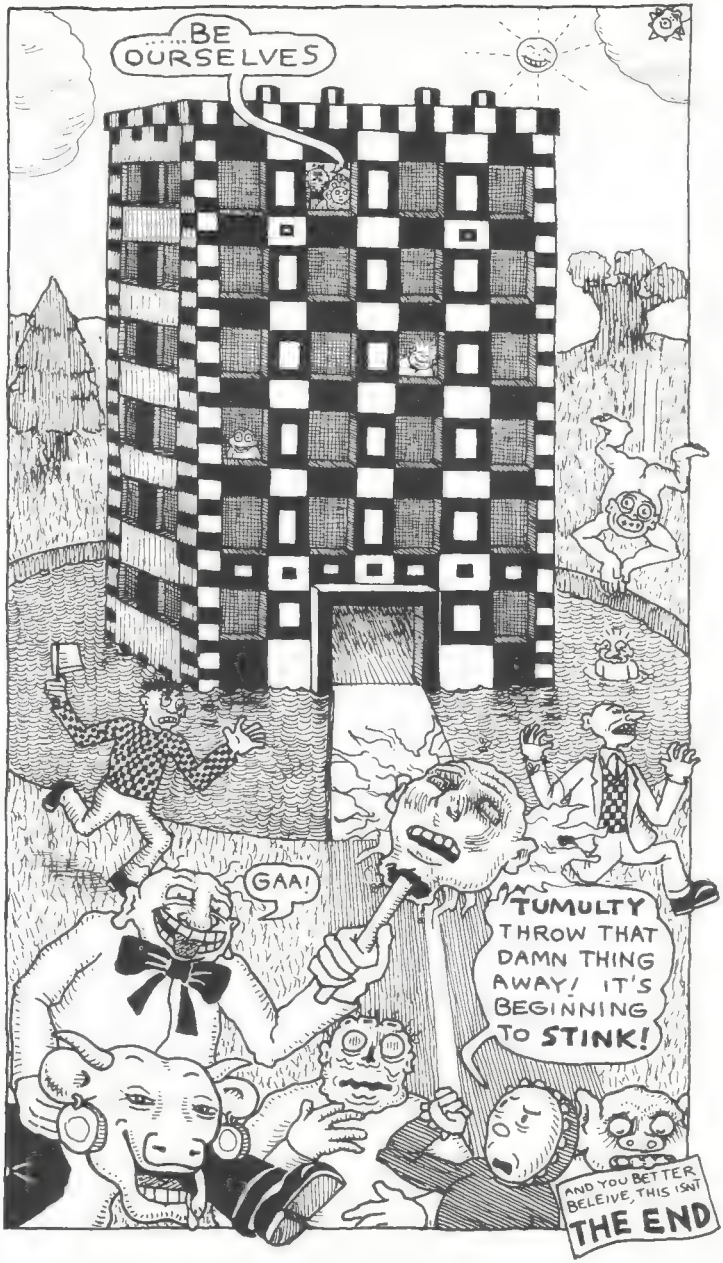
WELL, IT SEEMS SIMPLE ENOUGH
THANK YOU FOR COMING GENTLEMEN

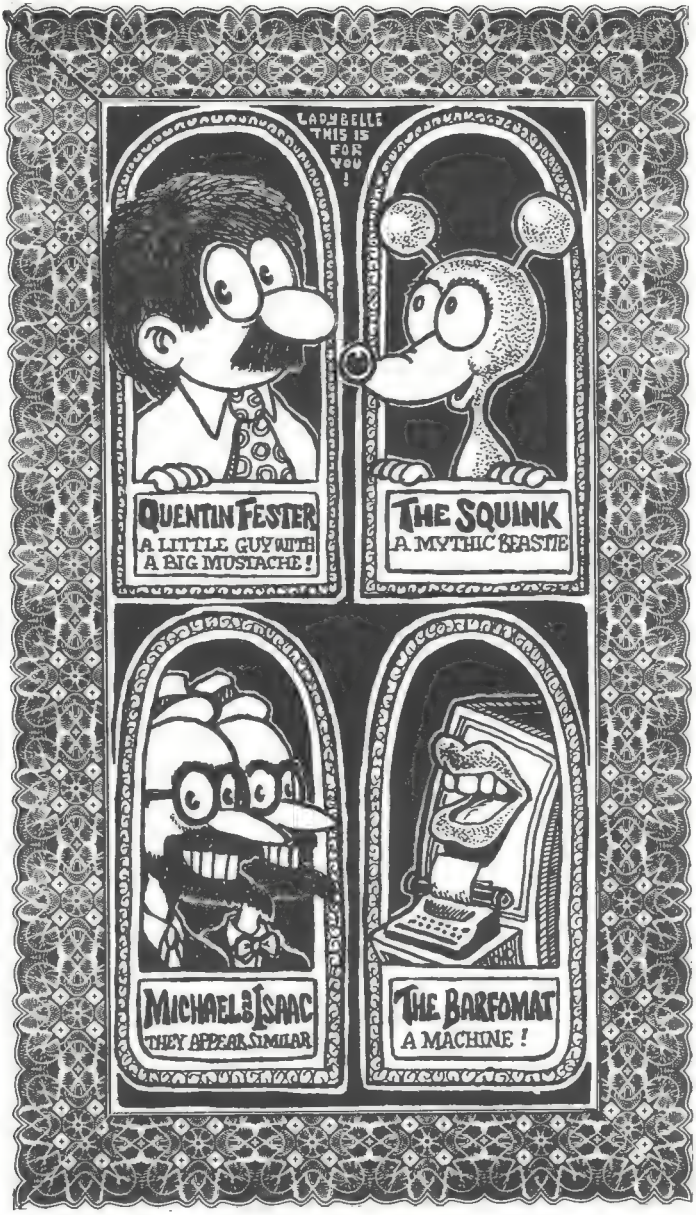
WE'LL BE SEEIN YA DOC!
CHEE

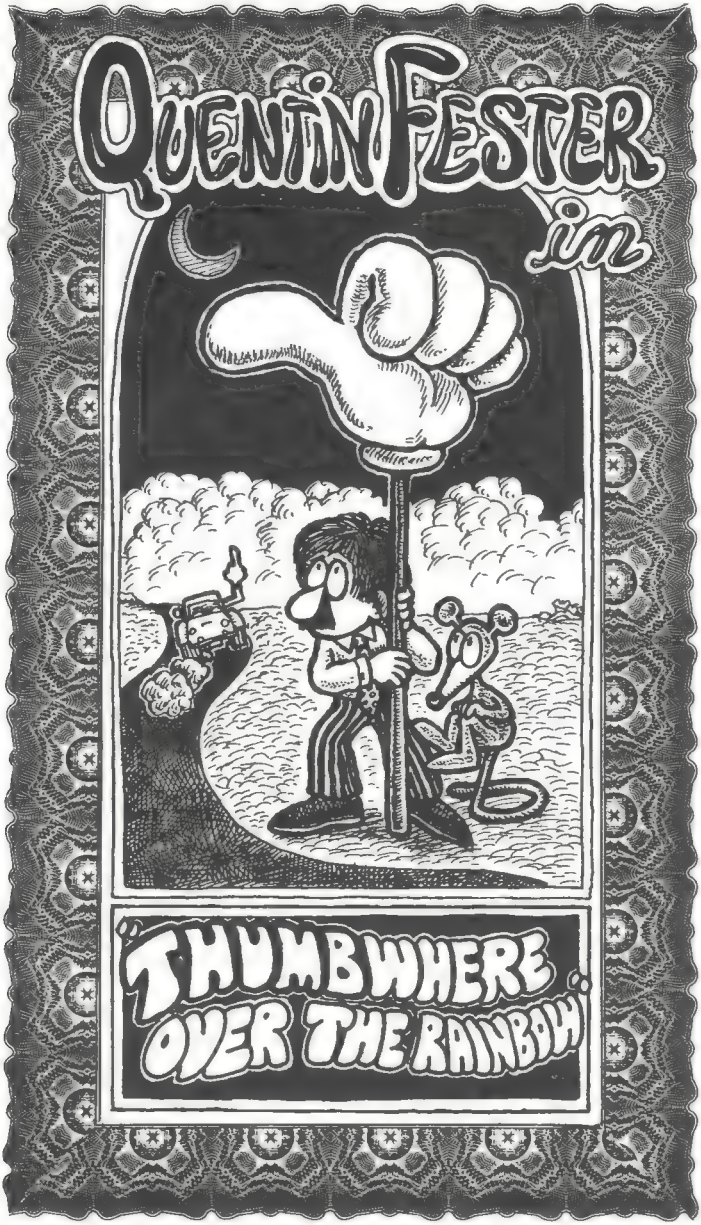
WELL, SO MUCH FOR THAT,...
THREE CHEERS FOR TUMULTY
DUH

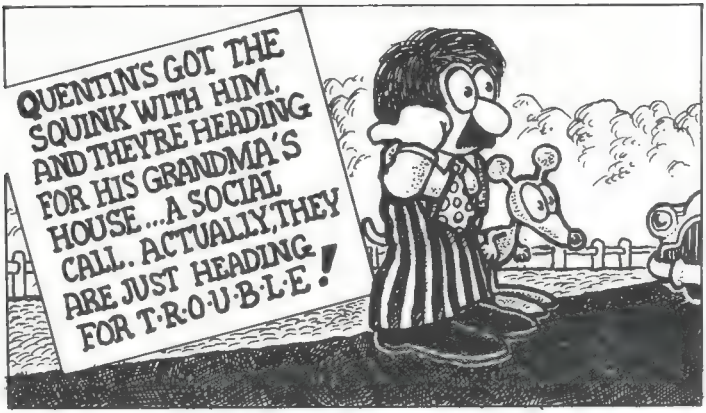
(HIP HIP) HOORAY! (HIP HIP) HOORAY! (HIP HIP) HOORAY!
AW SHUCKS
....LET'S BEGIN THE ELECTION
SQUEE!

LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF DR. MEPHISTO'S DEMOCRATICALLY ELECTED SUCCESSOR, ... LINOLEUM LARRY
?
THANKS TO YOU SUNSHINE GIRL, WE ARE FREE AT LAST OF THE STIFLING SHACKLES OF THE SO CALLED RATIONAL WORLD
FREE AT LAST TO.....


.....BE OURSELVES
GAA!
TUMULTY THROW THAT DAMN THING AWAY! IT'S BEGINNING TO STINK!
AND YOU BETTER BELEIVE, THIS ISN'T THE END


LADYBELLE THIS IS FOR YOU!
QUENTIN FESTER
A LITTLE GUY WITH A BIG MUSTACHE!
THE SQUINK
A MYTHIC BEASTIE
MICHAEL & ISAAC
THEY APPEAR SIMILAR
THE BARFOMAT
A MACHINE!


QUENTIN FESTER
in
"THUMBWHERE
OVER THE RAINBOW"


QUENTIN'S GOT THE SQUINK WITH HIM, AND THEY'RE HEADING FOR HIS GRANDMA'S HOUSE ... A SOCIAL CALL. ACTUALLY, THEY ARE JUST HEADING FOR T·R·O·U·B·L·E!

SIGH ... THERE GOES ANOTHER ONE!
HONKH!
VROOM

KEEPON TRUCKING CO.
AND -COFF- ANOTHER!
BLAT!

SIGH...
zzzzzz
WHIZZOOOMMM

I THINK MY THUMB IS FALLING ASLEEP!
CROOAH
HRUMM!

!!!
HOP IN!
etc
SCREEK!

MY BOOTMOBILE IS AT YOUR SERVICE!
honkh!
LORDY!!
MIKE

SHE MAY NOT LOOK LIKE MUCH...

...BUT SHE SURE TRAVELS LIKE A MOTHER!
BOING

ARE YOU SURE THIS "BOOTMOBILE" IS SAFE?
USUALLY! OF COURSE, SHE DOES GET A TOUCH OF ATHLETE'S FOOT EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE ....
BOYOINNG
?

ORRP! WELL -UM- COULD YOU DROP US OFF HERE?.. WE'D JUST AS SOON WALK!
TUT-TUT!... NONSENSE MY FRIEND .....
BONG

YOU MUST COME AND MEET MY BROTHER ....
(HUH? WHERE THE HELL ARE WE?)
BOING

...ISAAC! NOW THERE'S AN INVENTOR – A REAL GENIUS!...

...HE'S A BIT ECCENTRIC THOUGH...

HE KEEPS TO HIMSELF... SORT OF A RECLUSE!
SCREEK!
WE'LL WALK THE REST OF THE WAY... HE'S RIGHT UP AHEAD!
MIKE

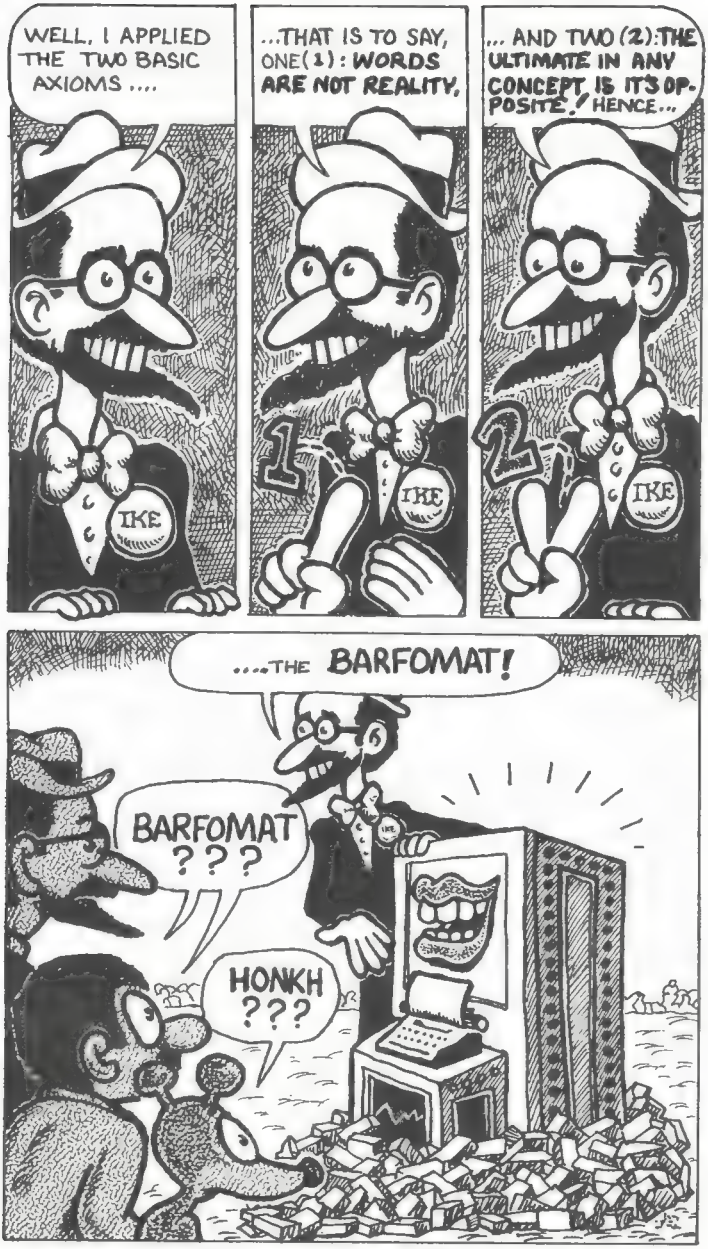
HMM... HE'S WALLED HIMSELF IN AGAIN... WELL, THIS WILL ONLY TAKE A MINUTE!
!
honkh???

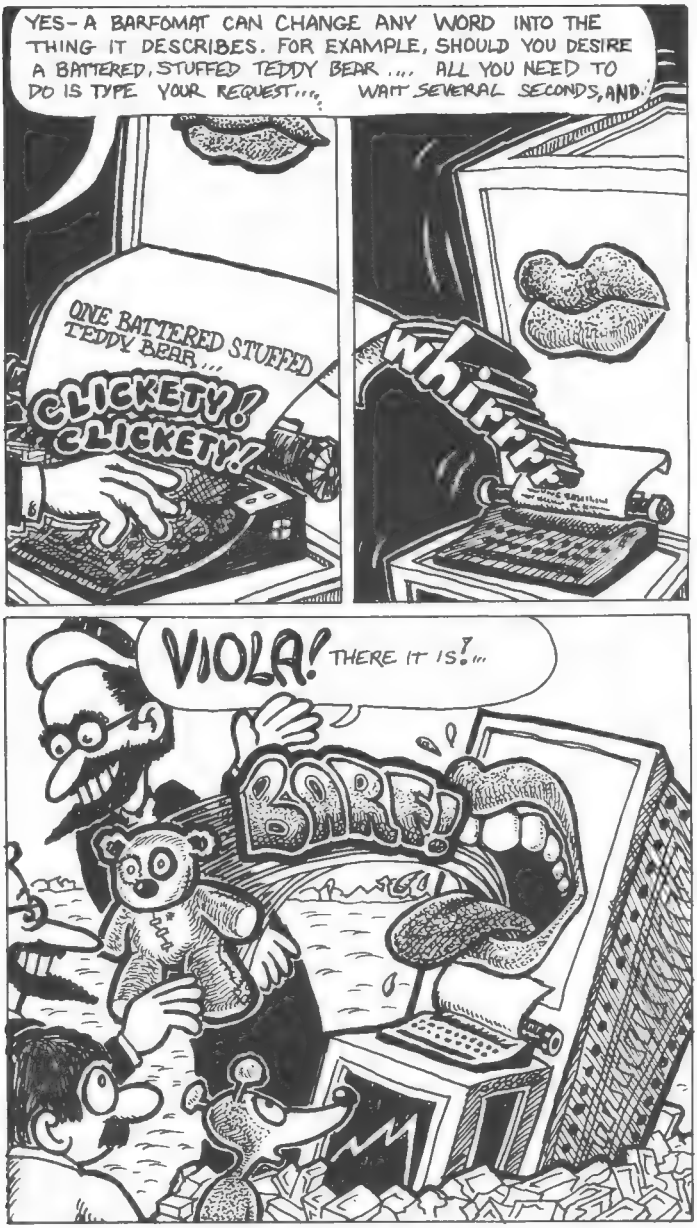
EH?
BASH!
WHACK!

DID SOMEBODY KNOCK?

ISAAC!
MICHAEL!
IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU!

ISAAC! WHAT IS THAT MACHINE YOU'VE BEEN WORKING ON?
IKE

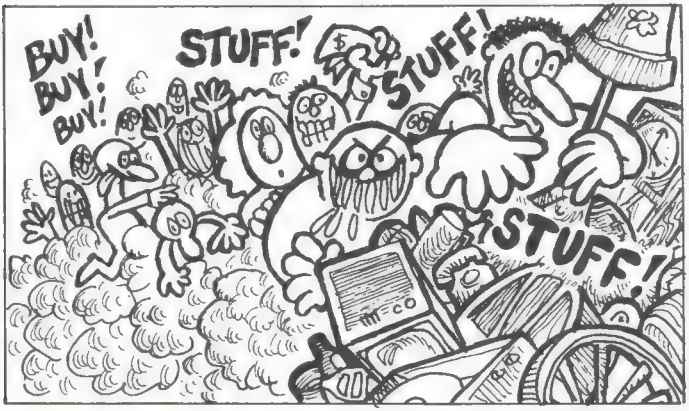

WELL, I APPLIED THE TWO BASIC AXIOMS ....
IKE
...THAT IS TO SAY, ONE(1): WORDS ARE NOT REALITY,
1
IKE
... AND TWO (2): THE ULTIMATE IN ANY CONCEPT IS IT'S OPPOSITE! HENCE...
2
IKE
....THE BARFOMAT!
BARFOMAT ???
HONKH ???


YES- A BARFOMAT CAN CHANGE ANY WORD INTO THE THING IT DESCRIBES. FOR EXAMPLE, SHOULD YOU DESIRE A BATTERED, STUFFED TEDDY BEAR .... ALL YOU NEED TO DO IS TYPE YOUR REQUEST.... WAIT SEVERAL SECONDS, AND...
ONE BATTERED STUFFED TEDDY BEAR...
CLICKETY! CLICKETY!
whirrr
VIOLA! THERE IT IS!...
BARF!

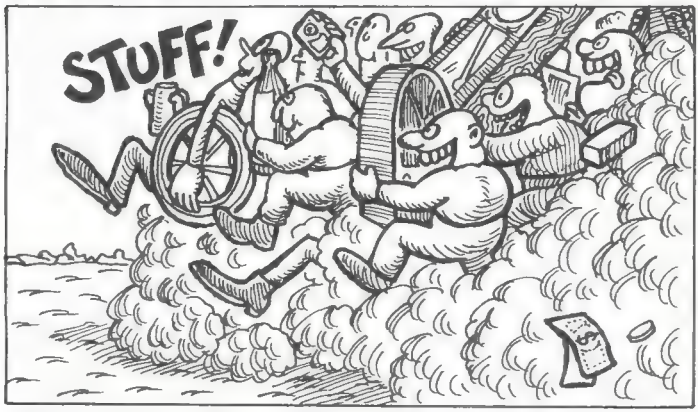
...HI-FI SETS, TEE-VEES, THREE FROZEN ANCHOVY PIZZAS, A COMPLETE SET OF BILL HALEY AND THE COMETS RECORDS, AN ELECTRIC CAN OPENER, AND SO ON...
BARF
CLICKETY!
Wheaties
ASTOUNDING!
GEE ... THAT'S AMAZING... WHAT DO YOU DO WITH ALL THIS STUFF?
WELL... THE CONSUMERS SHOULD BE HERE ANY MOMENT!...
IKE

...IN FACT... HERE THEY COME!!!

YIPPIEE!


BUY! BUY! BUY!
STUFF!
STUFF!
STUFF!

STUFF! STUFF! STUFF!

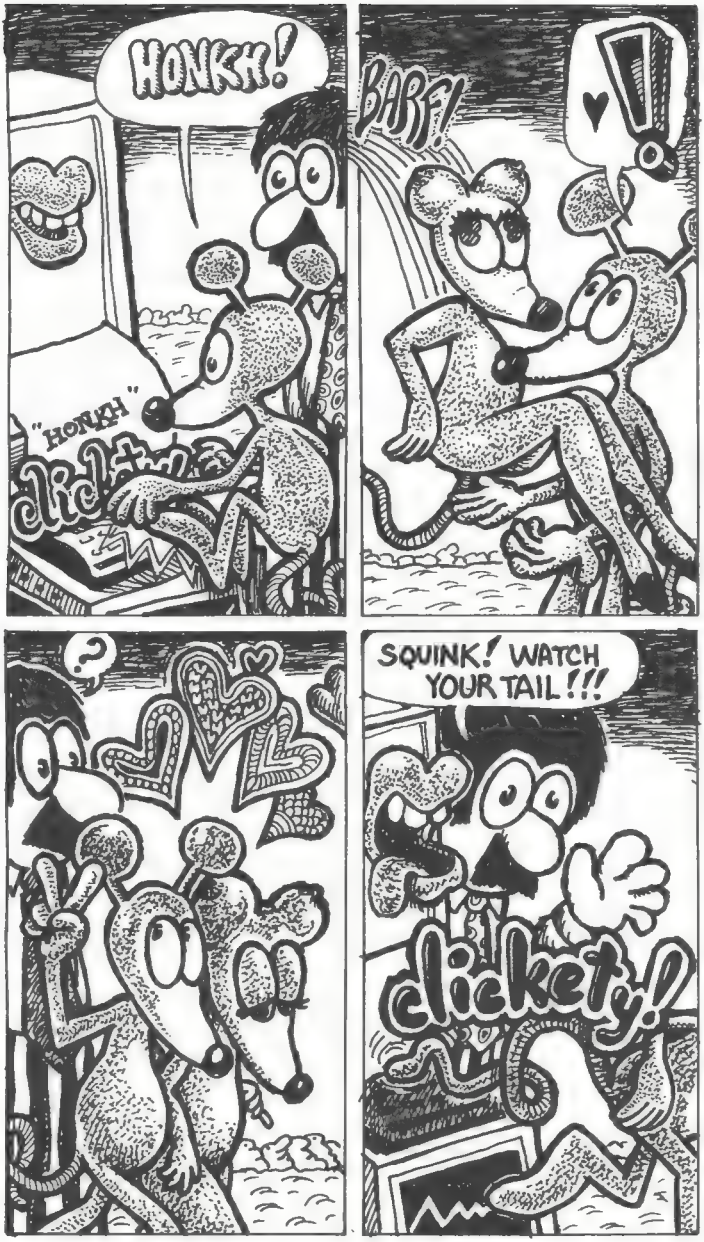

STUFF!

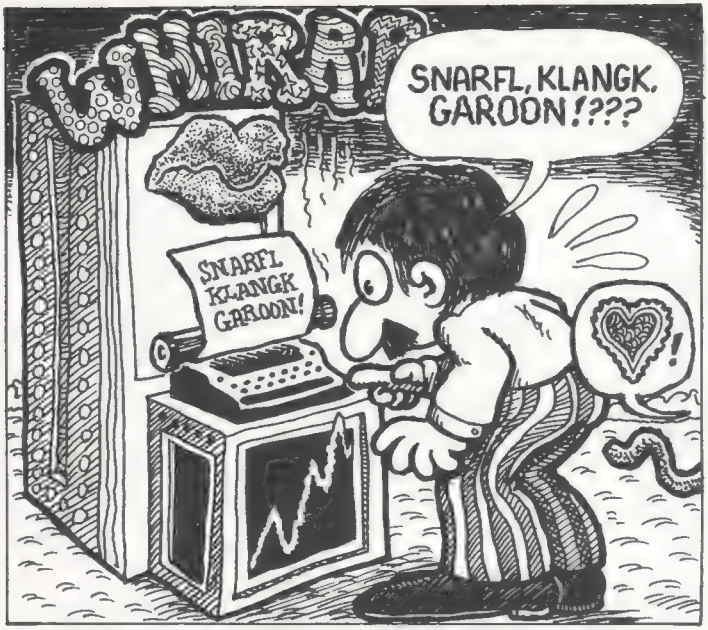
STUFF! STUFF! STUFF!
WHEW!!!
LORDY!
HONKH!

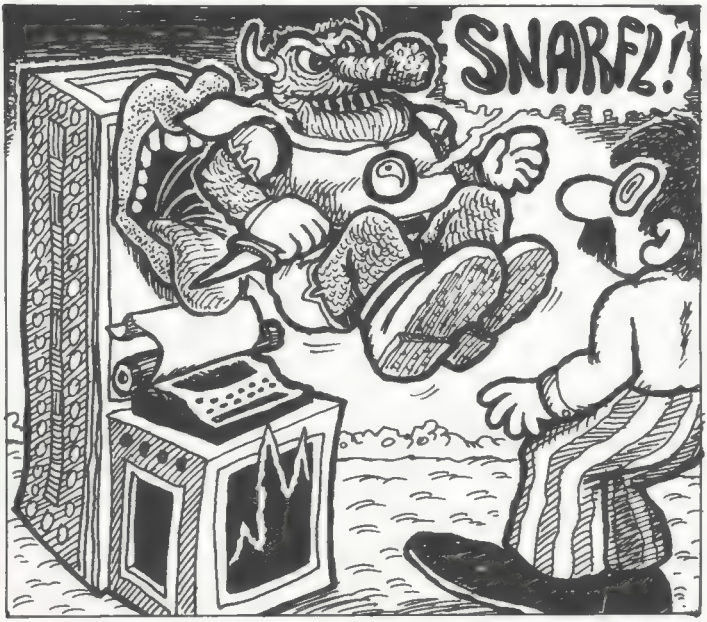
WHY ISAAC... THIS IS A TRULY INCREDIBLE INVENTION! IT CAN DO ANYTHING !!!
WELL, ALMOST. YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED TO KNOW THAT THIS BARFOMAT CAN EVEN GIVE A PASSABLE BLOW JOB!
SPLORT

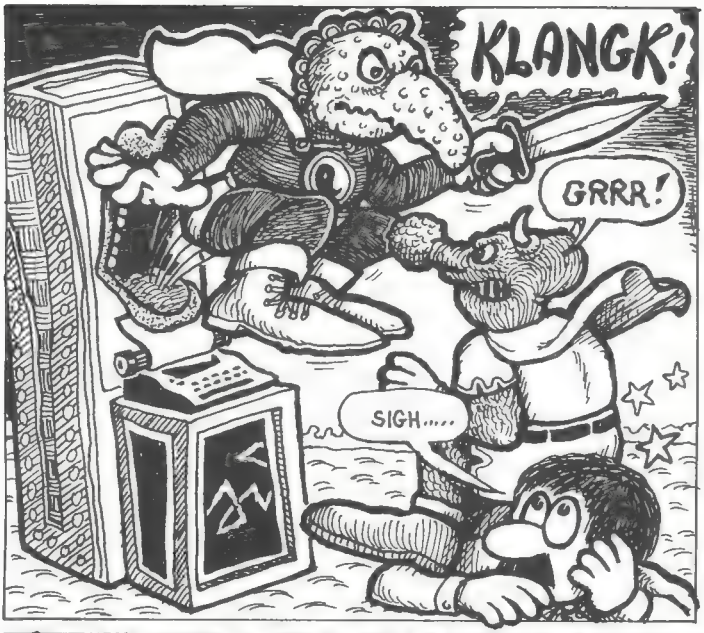
WITH THIS MACHINE, WE COULD RULE THE WORLD!
SURE... BUT WHO WOULD WANT TO?
WHY DON'T WE JUST
PSSST BZZZ
YES! HMMM...
OF COURSE! A GREAT IDEA!
CLICKETY!
?
WIRR

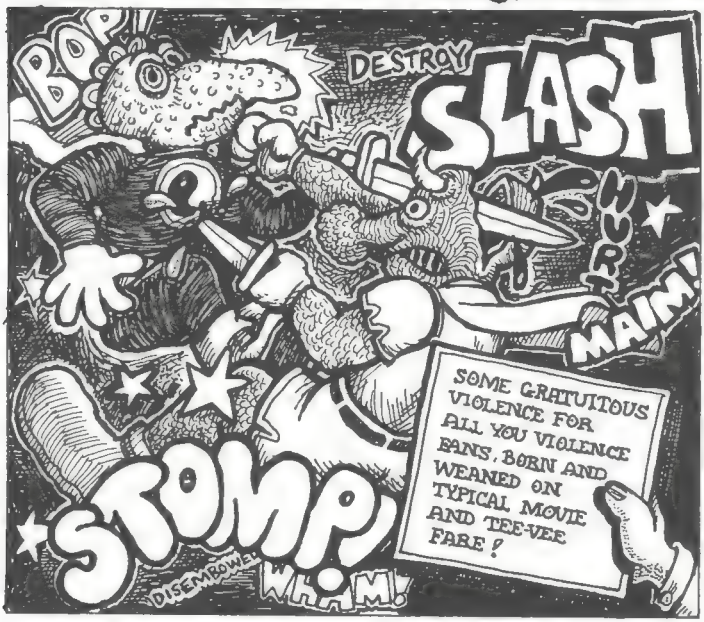
whoopie!
barf
AH!
HA!
SEE YOU LATER, QUENTIN!


HONKH!
"HONKH"
clicket
BARF!
?
SQUINK! WATCH YOUR TAIL!!!
clicket!


SNARFL, KLANGK, GAROON!???
SNARFL KLANGK GAROON!

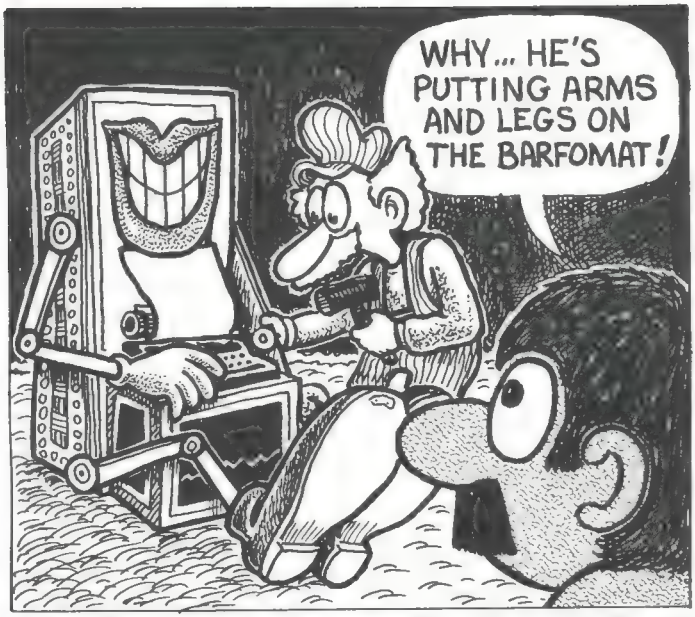

SNARFL!

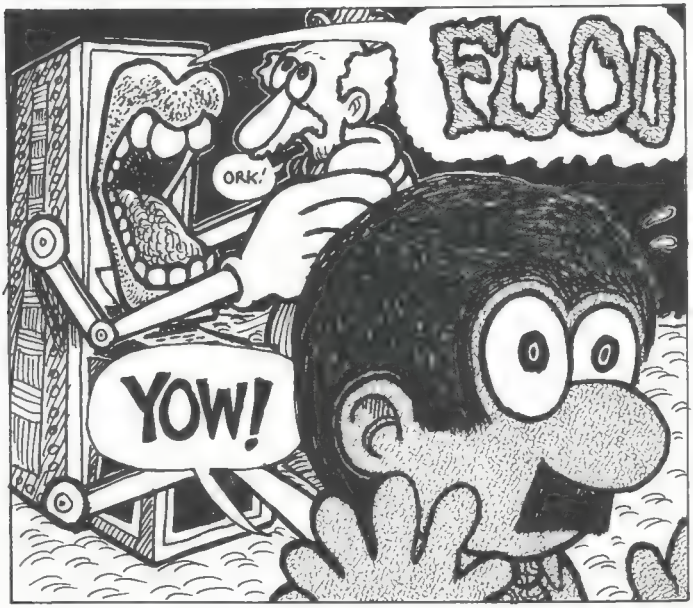

KLANGK!
GRRR!
SIGH.....

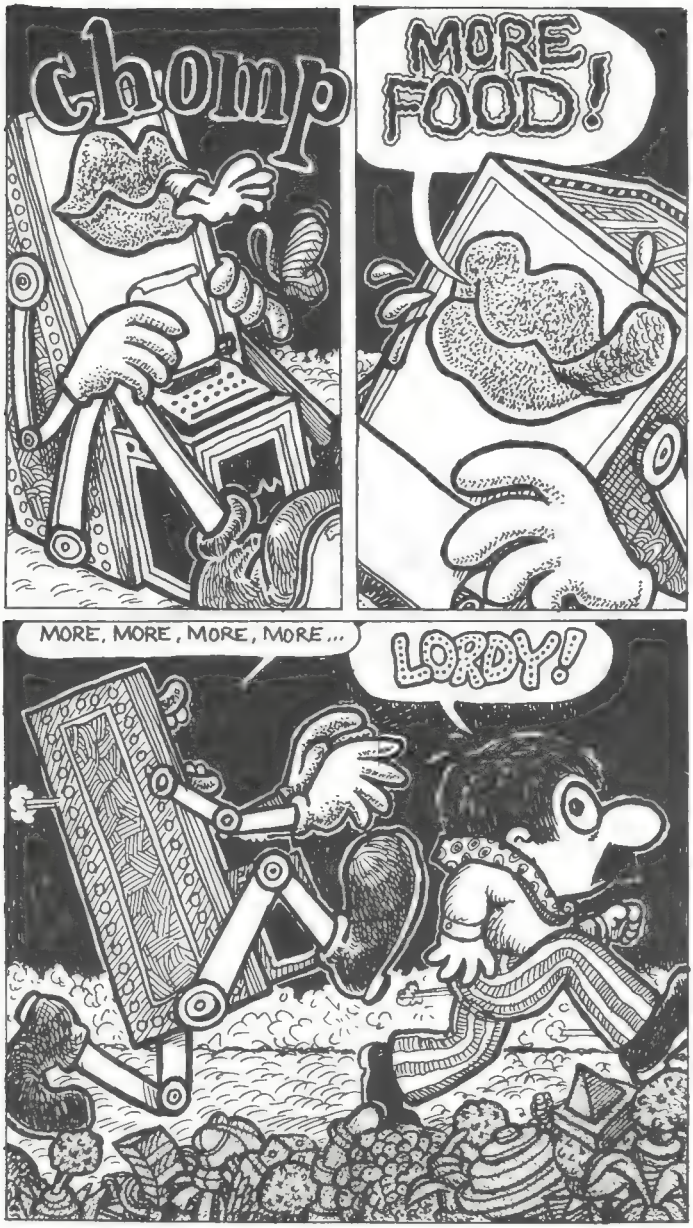

BOP!
DESTROY
SLASH
HURT
MAIM!
STOMP!
DISEMBOWEL
WHAM!
SOME GRATUITOUS VIOLENCE FOR ALL YOU VIOLENCE FANS, BORN AND WEANED ON TYPICAL MOVIE AND TEE-VEE FARE!

GARODN!
TOOLS

WH-WHAT'S HE DOING?!!


WHY... HE'S PUTTING ARMS AND LEGS ON THE BARFOMAT!


FOOD
ORK!
YOW!


chomp
MORE FOOD!
MORE, MORE, MORE, MORE...
LORDY!

AIEEEEEE!
TEE-HEE! YOU MALE CHAUVINISTS ARE ALL ALIKE!!!
ISAAC, LOOK! YOUNG QUENTIN APPEARS TO BE IN SOME SORT OF JAM!

YUMMY! LOTS OF FOOD!
HUH?
grab!

WELL... FAREWELL, ISAAC!
NO, MICHAEL... "AU REVOIR!"
EEEK!

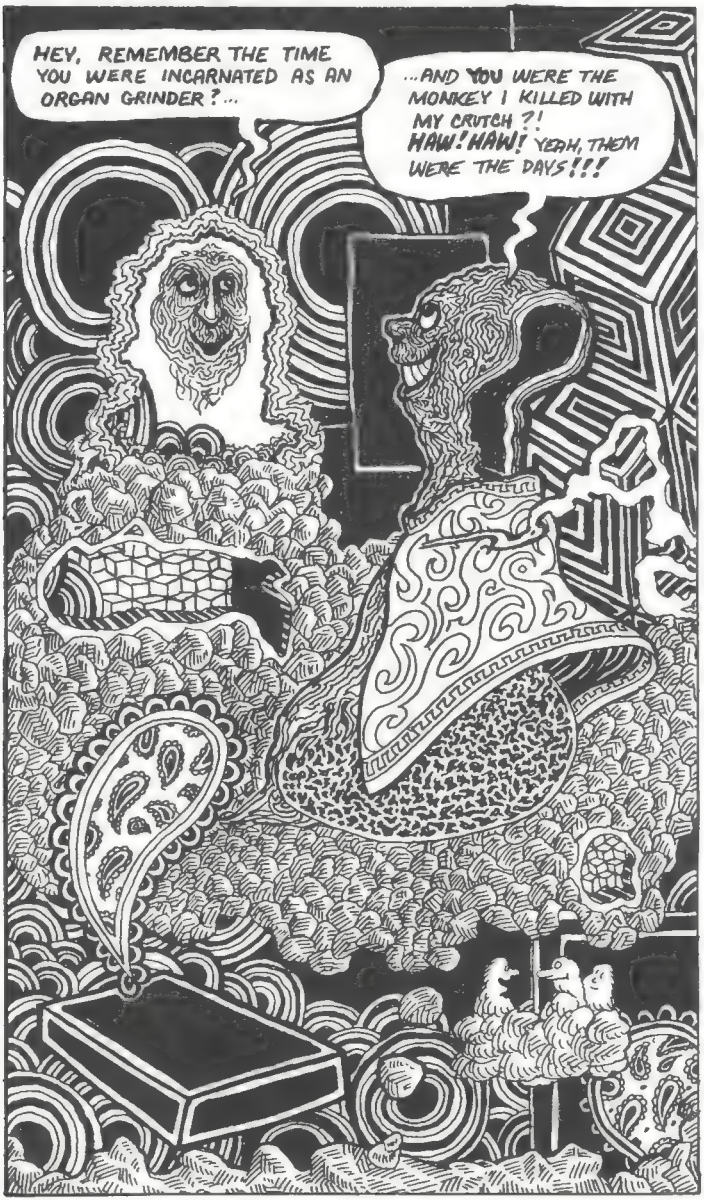
G-GOODBYE MICHAEL,
G-GOODBYE ISAAC,
G'BYE MISS ....

MORE!
... HEY!
LET ME GO, YOU GLUTTON!
grabbo!

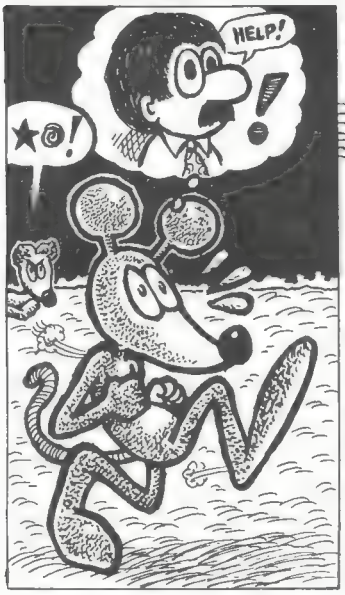
HELP! HELP!
HELP!

MEANWHILE:
SOMEWHERE IN NEW YORK CITY...
YES, MY FRIEND ... BULGARIA IS A *DEVIL* OF A PLACE TO LIVE!

AND ELSEWHERE: IN THE FORMLESS VOID .....



BUT: BACK TO QUENTIN AND HIS PLIGHT....

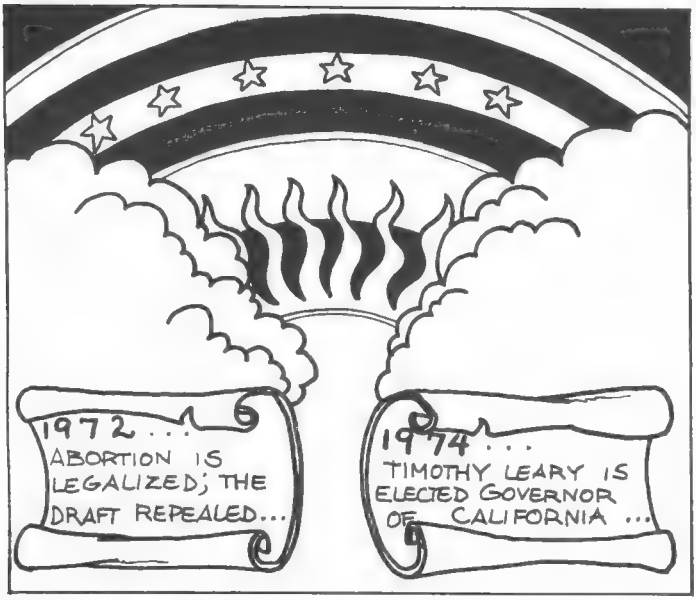


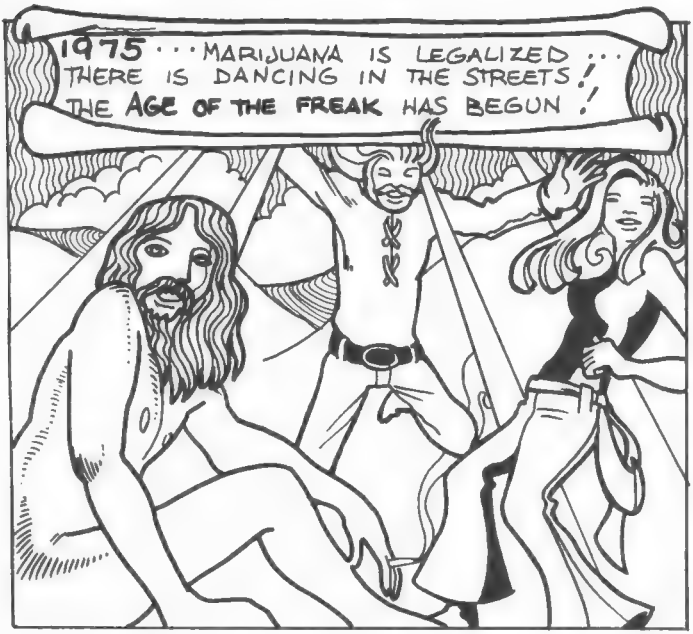
CHOMP
WHEW! WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG?
BURP!
GAWDAYUMN! I WISH I HAD A BROMO!!!

AND SO—*AT LAST*— QUENTIN ARRIVES AT HIS GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE ...

art Spiegelman '70

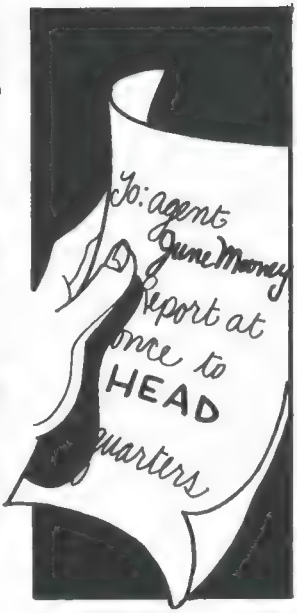
JUNE
MOONEY
HEAD
AGENT
By
Irina

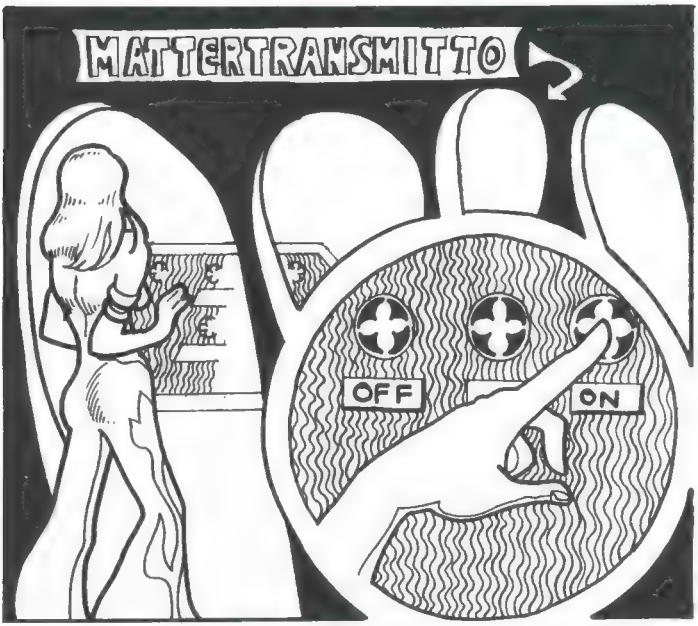

1972 . . .
ABORTION IS LEGALIZED; THE DRAFT REPEALED...
1974 . . .
TIMOTHY LEARY IS ELECTED GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA ...


1975 . . . MARIJUANA IS LEGALIZED . . . THERE IS DANCING IN THE STREETS ! ! THE AGE OF THE FREAK HAS BEGUN !

THE YEAR IS 1998... WITH THE BILLIONS NO LONGER SPENT ON WAR, ACID-HEAD SCIENTISTS HAVE MADE INCREDIBLE BREAK THROUGHS IN TECHNOLOGY; SPACE TRAVEL, ANTI GRAVITY, MATTER TRANSMITTERS ARE NO LONGER SCIENCE FICTION... THE SCENE IS SCHIZOPHRENIA, A MAN-MADE PLEASURE SATELLITE...
GRASS... HASH... ACID...
I'LL HAVE A PACK OF OLD ACAPULCO GOLDS, MISS!

THAT'S 50 BLAKES, SIR... THANK YOU...
A NOTE?!


To: agent
June Moray
report at
once to
HEAD
quarters


MATTERTRANSMITTO
OFF
ON

GLAD TO SEE YOU MISS MOONEY... HAVE A JOINT?
THANKS ... EGYPTIAN PURPLES, MY FAVORITE BRAND!
DIRECTOR

HERE'S OUR PROBLEM!
IT-IT'S HIM! I THOUGHT THEY GOT HIM IN THE ACID PURGES OF '89!

APPARENTLY HE ESCAPED AND HAS BEEN HIDING OUT ON THE MOON, PLOTTING RE-TAKEOVER ! YOUR JOB: FIND HIM AND THEN... YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO !
TAKE THIS PICTURE WITH YOU AS A REMINDER ! IN THE NAME OF LEARY, GOOD LUCK... AND... STAY STONED !

M ON
WOW! WHAT PARA-NOID VIBES! THEY SAY THIS IS A WIDE-OPEN SATELLITE!
LI
SPEED

YES... I'M-ER-LOOKING FOR-UM- CIGARETTES.

CIGAR-ETTES! TOBACCO CIGAR-ETTES!?

AS YOU KNOW, MISS, CIGARETTES WERE NEVER ACTUALLY BANNED, BUT WHEN EVERYONE STOPPED SMOKING THEM BY '78, THEY WERE SIMPLY TAKEN OFF THE MARKET! HOWEVER...

HERE WE ARE... A VINTAGE PACK OF VIRGINIA SLIMS!
O BOY! GIMME!

SHE'S COMING OUT OF IT...

W-WHERE AM I?
WE'LL ASK THE QUES-TIONS, SISTER! WHAT DID YOU WANT WITH THOSE VIRGINIA SLIMS?

M-MY MOTHER USED TO SMOKE THEM! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO TRY THEM! NO LAW AGAINST THAT, IS THERE?
I THINK SHE'S TELLING THE TRUTH...

I WAS BORN IN 1973 AND I HARDLY REMEMBER THE OLD DAYS, BUT I LOOK BACK WITH WISTFUL NOSTALGIA TO THE DAYS WHEN MEN WERE MEN AND PEOPLE WERE JUST PLAIN GOD-FEARING FOLK! I >SOB< COLLECT ANTIQUE LAWRENCE WELK RECORDS...
CUT HER DOWN!

YOUNG LADY, I THINK WE HAVE A PLACE FOR YOU IN OUR ORGANIZATION!

...AND THESE VAST MACHINES, HIDDEN UNDER THE MOON'S SURFACE, ARE BUSY TURNING OUT DIET COLA, CIGARETTES, PLASTICS, AND ELEGANT CHROME PLATED SMOG PRODUCING DEVICES, ALL CALCULATED TO SLOWLY ROT THE MIND AND MAKE RE-TAKEOVER A CINCH!
GOSH!

LATER BACK IN JUNE'S MOON MOTEL ROOM...
THANK HUXLEY FOR THIS RE-FRESHING RELAXO ENERGIZING FLUID! I'M EXHAUSTED... BUT AT LEAST I'M IN WITH THE BIG GUYS!

BUT I MUST MAKE SURE THAT HE IS STILL ALIVE... MUST SEE HIM WITH MY OWN EYES... HOW?
VIBRATOR
ON — OFF

YOU KNOW THERE'S A MAN I READ ABOUT IN MY HISTORY BOOKS... HE WAS PRESIDENT BEFORE I WAS BORN, BUT HE BECAME MY HERO! I WISH HE WERE WITH US TODAY, TO SEE US TRIUMPHANTLY RETURN EARTH TO THE GOOD OLD DAYS!
I KNOW JUST WHOM YOU MEAN, MY DEAR, AND IF YOU'LL COME WITH ME I'VE A SURPRISE FOR YOU!

HEH, HEH >KOF< ATTABOY DUKE! >KOF, KOF.!<
WE'VE MANAGED TO KEEP HIM ALIVE... HE SPENDS HIS TIME WATCHING OLD JOHN WAYNE MOVIES!
GOOD LORD (CHOKE!)

I'VE BEEN WORKING WITH THE BIG GUYS FOR 2 WEEKS NOW... BETTER MAKE MY MOVE SOON... HELLO! WHAT'S THIS?

AGENT MOONEY, THIS IS AGENT STARR! HE'S NEW HERE... YOU CAN SHOW HIM THE ROPES!
IS HE ONE OF OURS OR A COUNTER SPY?

TELL ME, BIG BOY... WHAT'S A STUD LIKE YOU DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS?
SHH... NOT HERE! HAVE DINNER WITH ME TONIGHT?

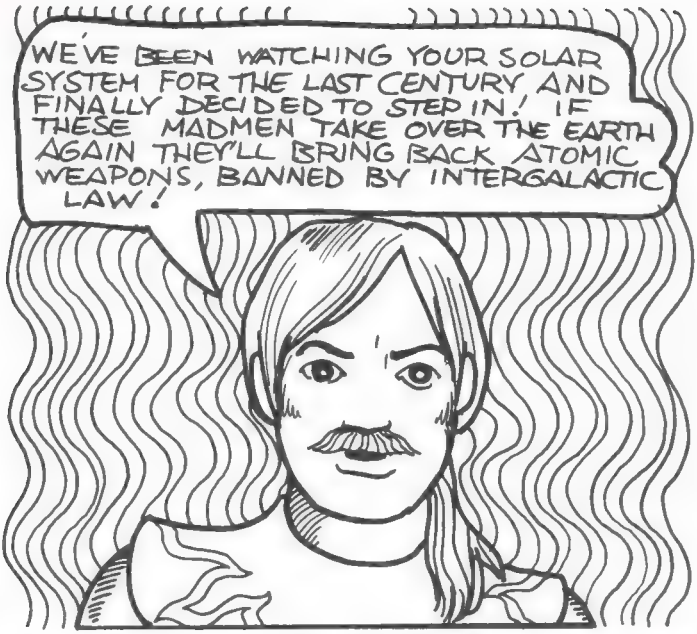
THERE'S SOMETHING SUSPICIOUS THERE... BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON THOSE TWO!

THAT NIGHT, A FAMOUS MOON PLEASURE PALACE, EL SADO...
THESE MOON PLACES ARE REALLY FAR-OUT!
FOR USE OF WAITRESS PLACE 75 LUNAR CREDITS IN SLOT

WE'LL HAVE THE CHILLED CANTHARIDES COCKTAILS... AND NOW, MISS MOONEY, LETS GET DOWN TO BUSINESS!

CALL ME JUNE... YOURE AN AGENT FROM HEAD QUARTERS, ARENT YOU?
NO...

I'M AN AGENT FROM ALPHA CENTAURI!


WE'VE BEEN WATCHING YOUR SOLAR SYSTEM FOR THE LAST CENTURY, AND FINALLY DECIDED TO STEP IN! IF THESE MADMEN TAKE OVER THE EARTH AGAIN THEY'LL BRING BACK ATOMIC WEAPONS, BANNED BY INTERGALACTIC LAW!

THEN WERE ON THE SAME SIDE! LETS CONTINUE THIS CONVERSATION AT MY ROOMS, WHERE ITS SAFER!

OHH, STARR... WHAT DID YOU PUT IN THAT CANTHARIDES COCKTAIL?
JUST CANTHARIDES...

NEXT MORNING...
AH YES, AGENTS STARR AND MOONEY...

YOU ARE SUR-ROUNDED! HANDS UP, SPIES!

SO, SPIES! I SHALL LEAVE YOU HERE TO MEDITATE ON THE FUTILITY OF THWARTING THE TRUE CAUSE! WHEN I RETURN, YOU SHALL TALK, OR WE WILL MAKE YOU TALK!

STARR! IN MY BOOT... A KNIFE AND A COMPACT! CAN YOU CUT ME LOOSE?
I THINK SO... GOT 'EM!

THAT "COMPACT," WHEN OPENED, RELEASES AN INVISIBLE PSYCHEDELIC GAS 97% STRONGER THAN LSD... IT'S CALLED HILARIA 21! I HOPE YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH TRIPS TO HANDLE IT!

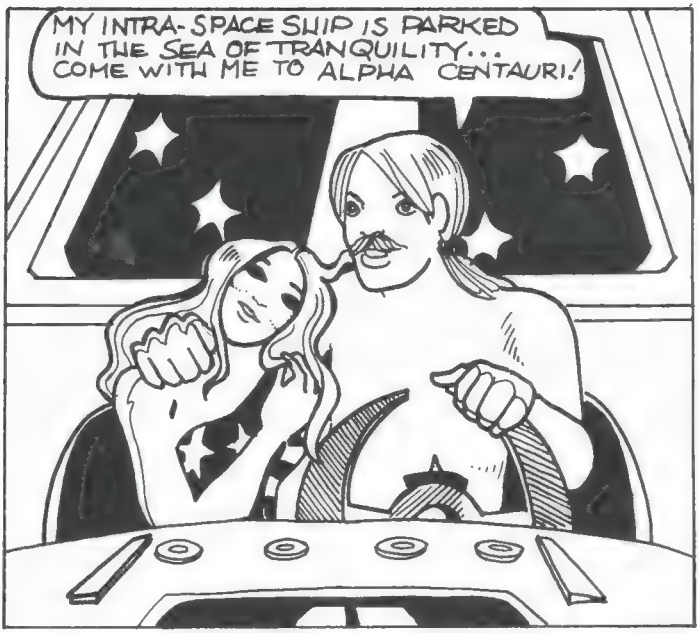
GO AHEAD, BABY, I CAN TAKE IT!
HERE GOES THE ULTIMATE TRIP!

O WOW!

IT'S BLOWING THEIR MINDS!
LOOK!

LETS GET OUT OF HERE!
PEACE! LOVE! I LOVE ALL YOU YOUNG PEOPLE!

THE WHOLE PLACE JUST VANISHED IN A GIANT PINK CLOUD! MISSION ACCOMPLISHED!


MY INTRA-SPACE SHIP IS PARKED IN THE SEA OF TRANQUILITY... COME WITH ME TO ALPHA CENTAURI!

OH, STARR... IT WOULD BE A GROOVE... BUT I CAN'T! MY PLACE IS BACK ON EARTH! AS LONG AS PEOPLE LIKE HE AND HIS KIND THREATEN CIVILIZATION AS WE DIG IT, I'M NEEDED! BUT... I'LL REMEMBER YOU...

GOODBYE STARR BABY, AND... STAY STONED!
THE END

POOM
COMIN
PEUT
GODDAM CHINKS GOT THE INFO!!
PLINK
SCHWARZ OPTICALS
BUDDAH
FREEDOM BAR & GRILL
SUBWAY DOWNTOWN BROOKLYN
CHAPTER 37
AIEEE

OUR STORY SO FAR:

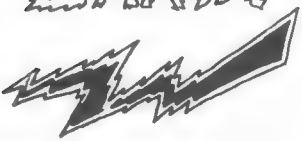
MARCUS REGISTRADA, RISING YOUNG PHARMACIST, IS IN REALITY MIRACLE MILTON, FAMOUS RACONTEUR, GOURMET AND SUPER CRIME FIGHTER.

BLESSED AT BIRTH WITH A PERFECT COMPLEXION, A STRONG BACK AND THE ABILITY TO BEAT THE TURDS OUT OF ANYONE HE WISHED, MIRACLE MILTON AND HIS PARTNER/CONFIDANT BONNIE BOOBS ARE WORLD FAMOUS IN THEIR QUEST TO END EVIL.

THE ARCH FIEND AND MAD ANTHROPOLOGIST PROF. WILHELM NOSE, HAS ASSASINATED THE FALOPIAN PRIME MINISTER SY GEZUNT, AND LEAVING EVIDENCE POINTING TO BONNIE BOOBS AS THE MURDERER HAS FLOWN TO WASHINGTON D.C. TO UNLEASH A CYLINDER OF LETHAL NERVE GAS HOPING THAT MIRACLE MILTON WILL TRY TO SAVE B.B. RATHER THAN PURSUE.

BONNY BOOBS IS TRIED, CONVICTED AND SENTENCED TO DEATH IN THE

ELECTRIC CHAIR



118 LaFong Place
Miracle Milton
We find Miracle Milton consulting 'Big M'
Lissen Big M they're gonna burn Bonnie. The only lead I got is an address dey found on de body. Should I check it out?
Manhattan
Big M
Ok baby check it out; but remember you have to get to Washington by midnight to stop Dr. Nose. What time is the execution set for?
Nine PM
Well good luck but make your plane!

THAT GIVES ME MORE THAN FOUR HOURS TO SAVE BONNIE
TAXI
TAXI
SHO' NUFF BOSS... SAY AINT YO' DAT CAT MIRACLE MILTON? HYUCK SHO YO'IS! AH READS ABOUT YO IN DE FUNNY PAPERS!
118 LAFONG PLACE, AND STEP ON IT BOY
JIVE ASS HONK

HERE'S A DIME FOR YOU BOY, AND YOU TELL YOUR DARKIE FRIENDS THAT MIRACLE MILTON IS ON YOUR SIDE
DAMN BOOGIES MAKE ME NERVOUS
THANK YO SUH!
GODDAMN CHEAP MOTHER!
MONIEST GONIFF CAB CO.
POLICE
45

WHAT THE... 118 IS AN OFFICE BUILDING WHAT DO I...
A SCREAM NEAR THE TOP!
GOTTA MOVE!
AIIIEE!
118

AHEE!!
SOUNDS LIKE A GIRL JUST A GASP FEW MORE FLIGHTS!
PUFF
PUFF
67
FLOOR

AIIEE
UNITED JEWISH APPEAL
IT'S COMING FROM IN THERE!
NOW BEAUTEOUS DAUGHTER OF CHRIST THE REVENGE OF THE ELDERS.
STOP!
AIIEE

MIRACLE MILTON!!
YOU SHOULD "PLOTZ" WHERE YOU STAND

PLOTZ YOURSELF JEW BOY!
BL
BLAM
PLINK

FEH!
GURGLE
SPLOOT!
ZUT!!!
ZUT!!!
STUMBLE

OYE!
CRASH
BLEED BLEED

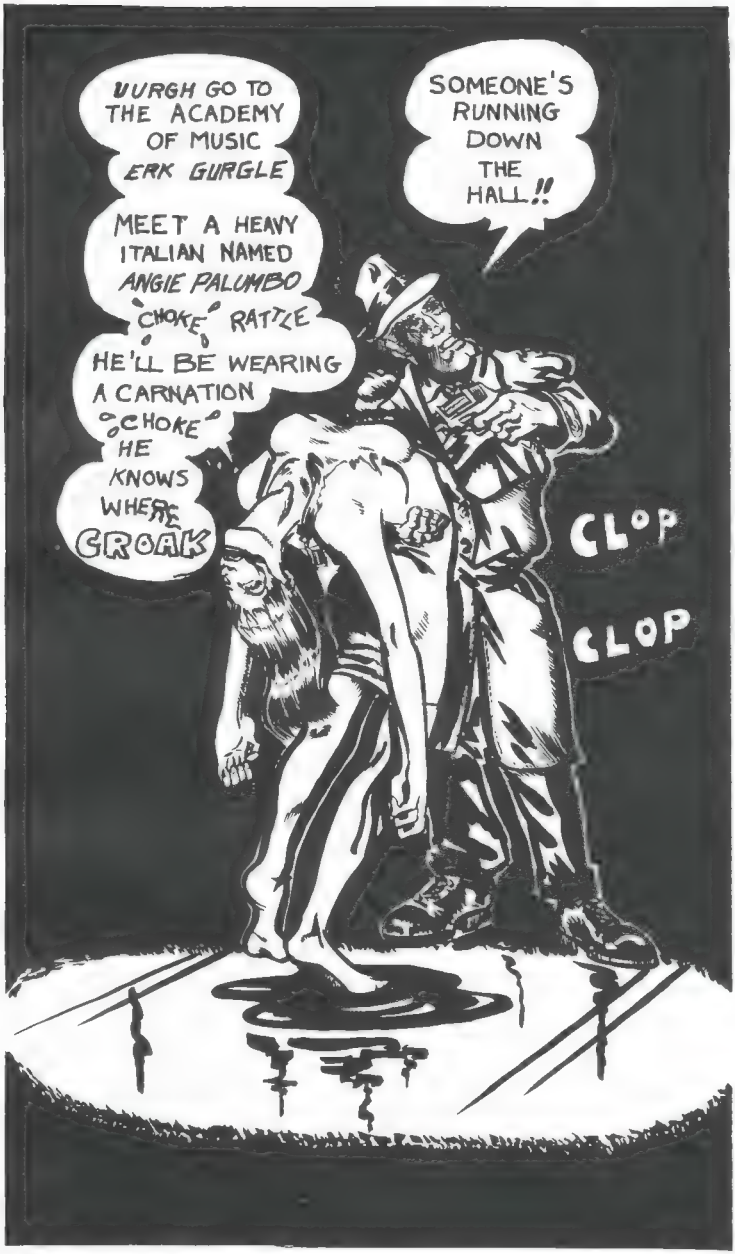
MEANWHILE
(TO KEEP YOU UP TO DATE)
BONNIE BOOBS
IS STILL WATCHING
THE CLOCK ...

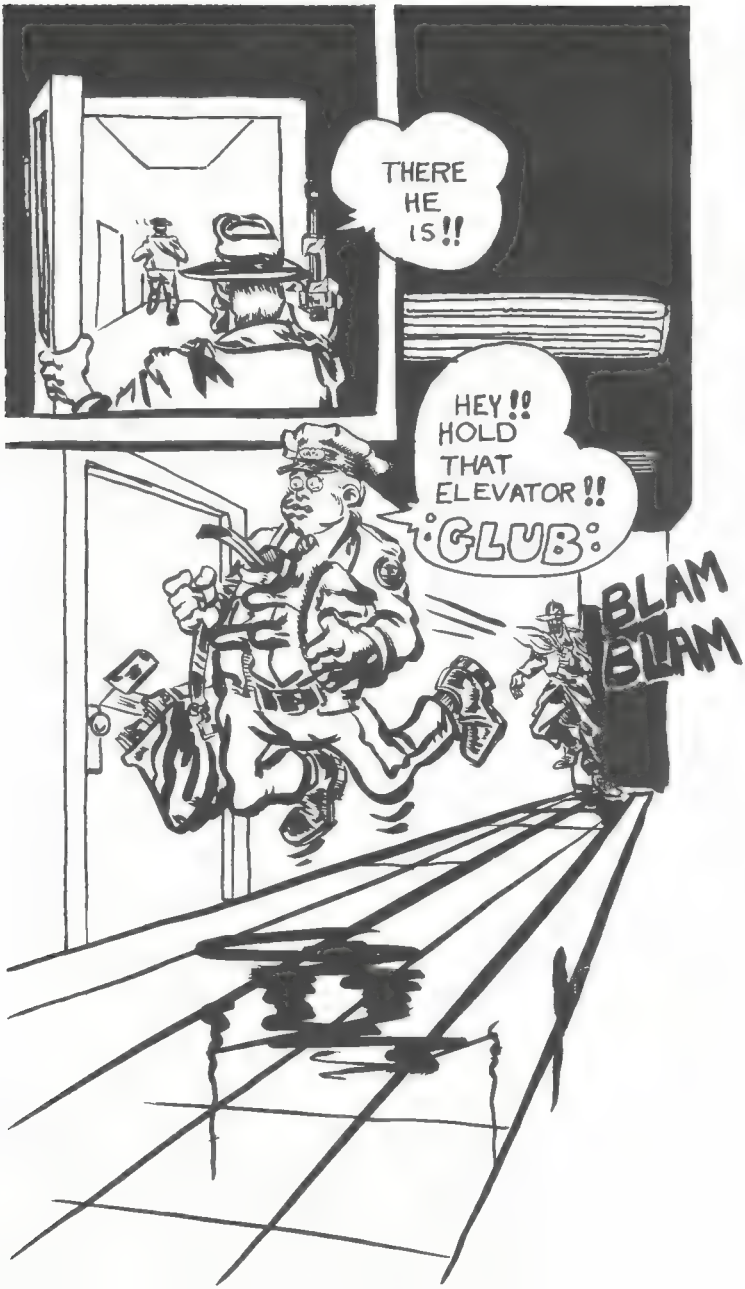
HERE COMES THE HARD PART!
SMESH
FARF!
JONES
ROOM
BOZO
RUMBLE
BROKEN FINGERS
SQUUNSH
CONN.
4328-4N

MIRACLE MILTON REACHES THE STREET
ANOTHER VICTORY FOR LAWANDORDER-APPLEPIEMOMAND-THEFLAG!!!
M.M.
MMF... OUF
RETCH

LISTEN RABBI YOU'RE GOING TO DIE. MAKE PEACE WITH YOURSELF
WHERE'S THE EVIDENCE THAT WILL SAVE BONNIE BOOBS
YOU SHOULD GROW HAIR BETWEEN YOUR TEETH
PLOTZ
"CROAK"

MAYBE THE GIRL UPSTAIRS KNOWS SOMETHING.
WHAT WAS THIS ALL ABOUT MISS?
WOW!! WAIT TIL THE GIRLS AT THE OFFICE HEAR THAT I WAS RESCUED BY MIRACLE MILTON!!!
HE WAS GOING TO SACRIFICE ME BECAUSE I WAS THE ONLY PERSON WHO SAW DOCTOR NOSE KILL SY GEZUNT.
AND WHAT'S MORE, I ALSO KNOW WHERE THERE'S PHOTOGRAPHIC EVIDENCE.
IS THIS ON THE LEVEL?
ZWEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!
THUNK
YNNNG!!


UURGH GO TO THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC ERK GURGLE
MEET A HEAVY ITALIAN NAMED ANGIE PALUMBO
CHOKE RATTLE
HE'LL BE WEARING A CARNATION
CHOKE
HE KNOWS WHERE
CROAK
SOMEONE'S RUNNING DOWN THE HALL!!
CLOP
CLOP


THERE HE IS!!
HEY!! HOLD THAT ELEVATOR!!
:GLUB:
BLAM BLAM

OH OH!! BIG "M" WON'T LIKE THIS.
I'D BETTER FIND THAT FAT WOP PALUMBO!!
TWITCH
TWITCH
BLEED BLEED BLEED

AND TELL YOUR LATINO FRIENDS THAT MIRACLE MILTON IS ON THEIR SIDE.
GRINGO PIG!
DAGOS ARE BETTER THAN JIGS
THIS MUST BE MY PIGEON
TAX
CARNATION
GIMME ONE DUCAT BABE
COMING

YOU ANGIE PALUMBO?

BANG
WHERE'S THE EVIDENCE ON DR. NOSE?
CHUCKLE HAR HAR
GIGGLE
WADDYA WANT?

LOOK MISTER I GOTTA WIFE AN' KIDS... I DUNNO NUTIN'
DOWN IN FRONT

ICECUBE OF BLOOD
I AINT GOT TIME FOR THIS KIND OF JAZZ!!
BLAM
MEAT

HMM... A KEY TO A LOCKER IN PENN STATION.

'SCUSE ME 'SCUSE ME
HYUK HYUK
CHORTLE GIGGLE

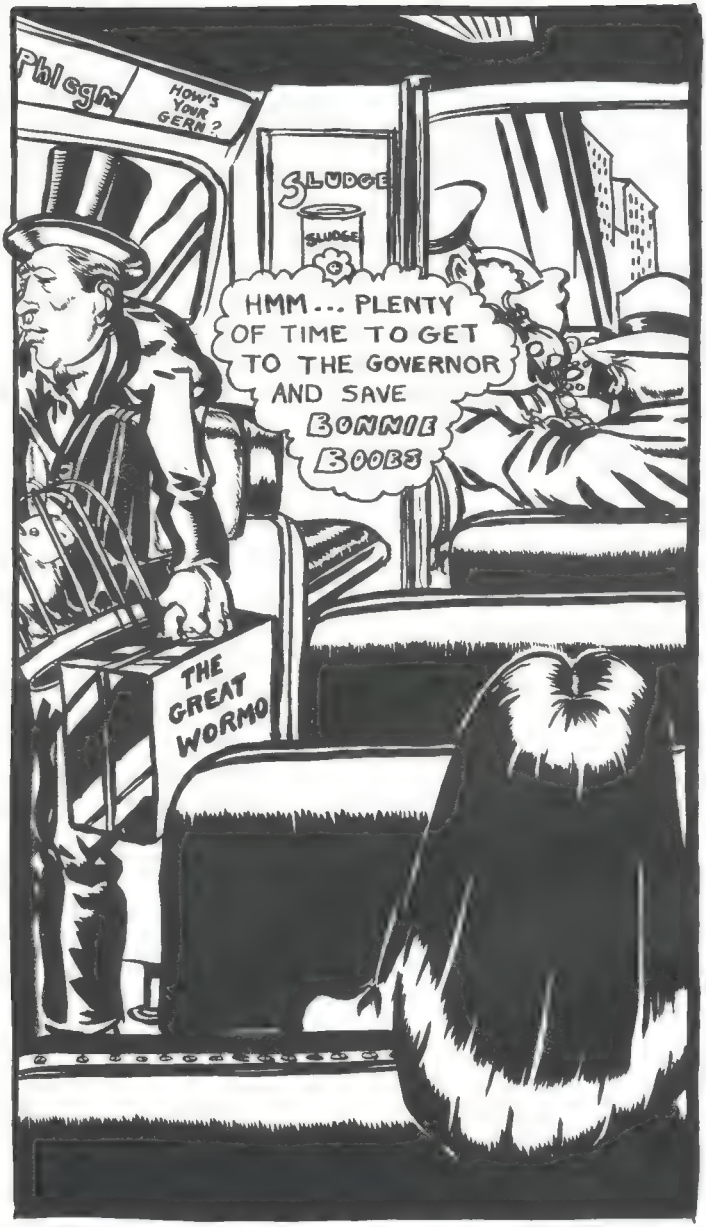
MEANWHILE
I FEEL JUST AWFUL WASTING THE TAXPAYERS MONEY ON ALL THIS FINE FOOD
DON'T YOU WORRY MISS YOU EAT ALL YOU WANT.
MATRON

NOW TO PENN STATION
LOCKER
3258
25¢
HMM... 3264 HERE WE ARE
3264
3265
1270

M. M.

JUST AS I THOUGHT THE EVIDENCE THAT WILL SAVE BONNIE BOOBS
INFORMATION
GATE 379

YOUR GONNA BE A REAL HOT NUMBER HUH? HAR HAR GET IT HOT NUMBER CHUCKLE... A REAL LIVE WIRE GUFFAW GUFFAW... DO YOU WORK ON A.C. OR D.C.? HAW HAW... A.C. OR D.C. CHUCKLE
I BET YOU THINK I'M WORRIED. MILTON AN' ME WE BEEN IN WORSE TROUBLE THEN THIS. A LITTLE HAIRCUT AIN'T GONNA WORRY ME.
BZZZZZZZZZZZZ
CLIP
CLIP
FILE
FILE


Phlegm
HOW'S YOUR GERM?
SLUDGE
SLUDGE
HMM... PLENTY OF TIME TO GET TO THE GOVERNOR AND SAVE BONNIE BOOBS
THE GREAT WORMO

AT THE SAME MOMENT
I BET YOU THINK I SHOULD BE WORRIED FATHER.
MAYBE IT'S BETTER THAT SHE'S CRAZY

THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE
EAT
Floyds

NO NEED TO FRET SISTER 'LESS YOU SIT DOWN! HAR HAR
IM REALLY NOT WORRIED.

GOVERNOR! CALL THE PRISON! I HAVE THE EVIDENCE THAT PROVES BONNIE BOOB'S INNOCENCE!
GOVERNOR
MIRACLE MILTON!

I'M A LITTLE WORRIED
DO I HEAR A TELEPHONE SOMEWHERE?
OUCH! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO; KILL ME ?
THERE'S STILL PLENTY OF TIME. YOU DON'T KNOW MILTON

OOPS!
THE GREAT WORMO

WHY DON'T DEY CLEAN DERE OWN MESSES!
I COULD HAVE A BETTER JOB WIF A HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA.
NEXT WEEK DONT MISS
BYE BYE WASHINGTON

ARTIE SPIEGELMAN

Artie Spiegelman is the type of genius who at the age of 101 decided to become a 19-year-old cartoonist and unleash his riddle on the world. Known now as the Lewis Carroll of underground comics, he has appeared in major magazines as well as underground newspapers. Born at the North Pole during a snowstorm, his mother gave birth to him in the back seat of a sled while his father was delivering presents and sliding down chimneys. Spiegelman has been known to be especially spiteful toward reindeer, although most of the time his reputation is that of a gentle and loving man. He now pens his fantasies from Harpur college where he is turning elves into cartoonists.

KIM DEITCH

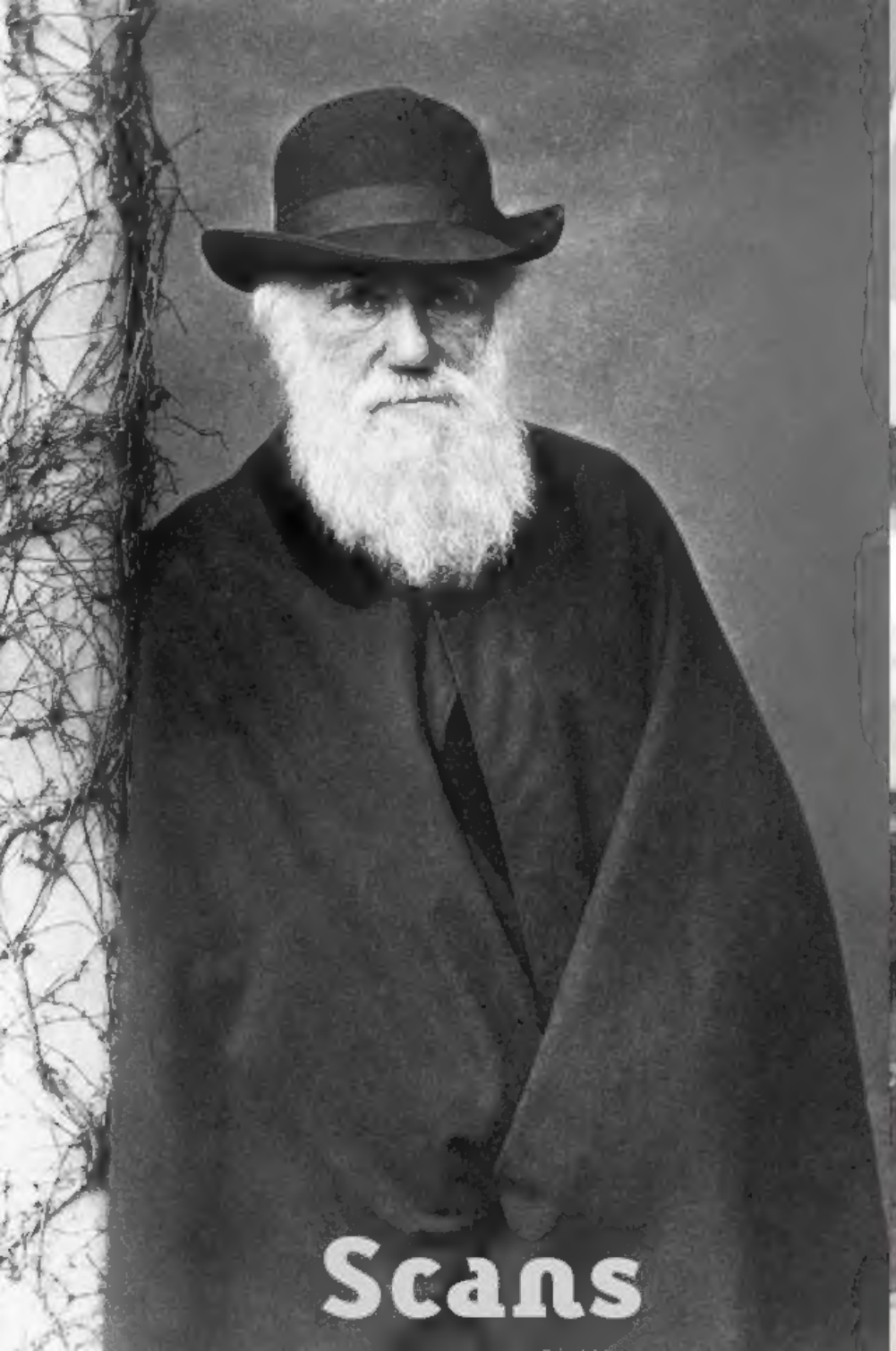
Born in a rubber suit, Kim Deitch bounced off the Hollywood Hills and into New York's Lower East Side where, with a host of others, he made famous the now prophetic **East Village Other,** one of the underground's first newspapers, with his cartoons of Uncle Ed, the Rubber Man and Sunshine Girl. Deitch, along with other notables, did for underground cartoons what Swift did for the novel: made it funny, pertinent, and placed cartooning in the forefront of teaching weapons to awaken consciousness to the human stupidities of war, greed, repressed sex and America's own brand of monkey-on-its-back — technological power. Recently retired from the Lower East Side, he has spent his precious remaining next 50 years living in San Francisco and annoying Ronald Reagan and his crew. Deitch is refined, handsome, silent and a bit crazy.

ALLAN SHENKER

Yossarian by pen name, Al Shenker is the original **Agent** who is so well-balanced as to appear normal. His cartoons have arrested the front pages of the **East Village Other** more than once and have been known to make politicians cringe and bigots of all colors laugh themselves away with mercy. His satirical wit has produced one death (from a fit of laughter) and a few suicides. When asked how he feels about it all, he grins maliciously and walks away.

TRINA ROBBINS

Trina is the original woman who lived in the shoe, except, instead of children, she had so much talent she didn't know what to do. Writer, graphic artist, designer of boutique clothes as well as shop artisan and owner, she fought her way into underground comics via the **East Village Other.** She is the woman feminist of underground cartoons, penning such parodies as "Super Groupie" and "Lena the Lioness." Her cartoons tear at the flesh of the feminine mystique, drawing blood from stones as well as from the male of the species. She now rests comfortably in her lair in San Francisco where she gives Kim Deitch a hard time and makes him generally happy. She has just released her newest creation (along with a little help from Kim Deitch): a bouncing baby girl. Beware! this woman is the breeder and bearer of super creations.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